Saturday Review

NOVEMBER 7, 1959 / 25¢

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e Bancroft as Helen Keller's stubborn Irish teacher in "The Miracle Worker." *(SEE BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT)*

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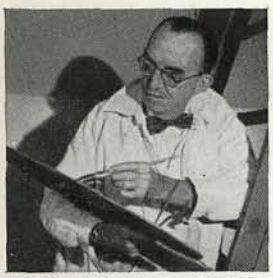

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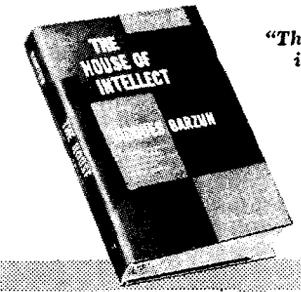

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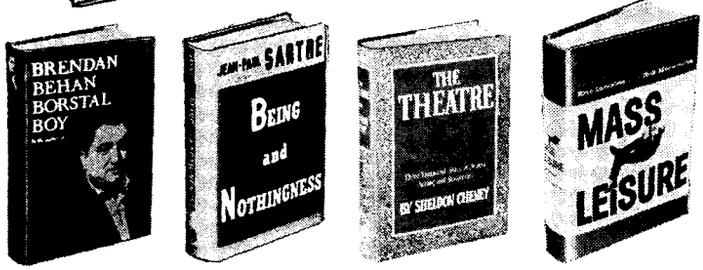

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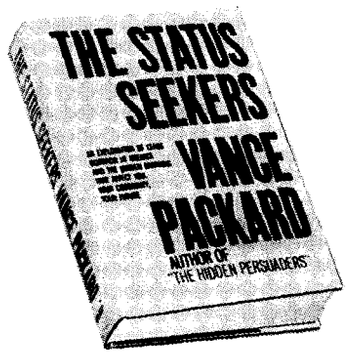

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A friend of mine remarked recently that he could think of three good reasons for a book-lover's going on a diet:

1. Spending less time on eating would give him more time for reading.

2. Buying less food would enable him to buy more books.

3. Having less *embonpoint* would enable him to see better what he was reading.

My friend, of course, was wrong in his first two points, because, like so many who are concerned with the problem of weight control, he believed that "starvation" was the only way in which overweight could be cut down.

The fact of the matter is quite different, as I have learned from a new book, "Eat Fat and Grow Slim," by Dr. Richard Mackarness. Dr. Mackarness points out that obesity and overweight are not always the result of overeating, or of eating rich foods. Instead they are attributable to a defect in some people in whom sugar and starch are turned into fat instead of energy.

His book presents a system in which you can forget all about calories and, eating normally, not only stop adding weight, but start losing surplus pounds.

In addition to a fascinating and illuminating discussion of the whole problem of overweight, "Eat Fat and Grow Slim" contains sample menus for eating at home, in restaurants or at lunch counters.

So if you want to take off weight, start out by taking off for your bookstore.

L. L. Day
EDITOR-AT-LARGE

"Eat Fat and Grow Slim" ($2.95), by Dr. Richard Mackarness, is published by Doubleday & Company, 575 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N.Y. Copies may be obtained at your own bookseller or from any of the 30 Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is located at 934 Lincoln Road, Miami Beach 38, Florida.

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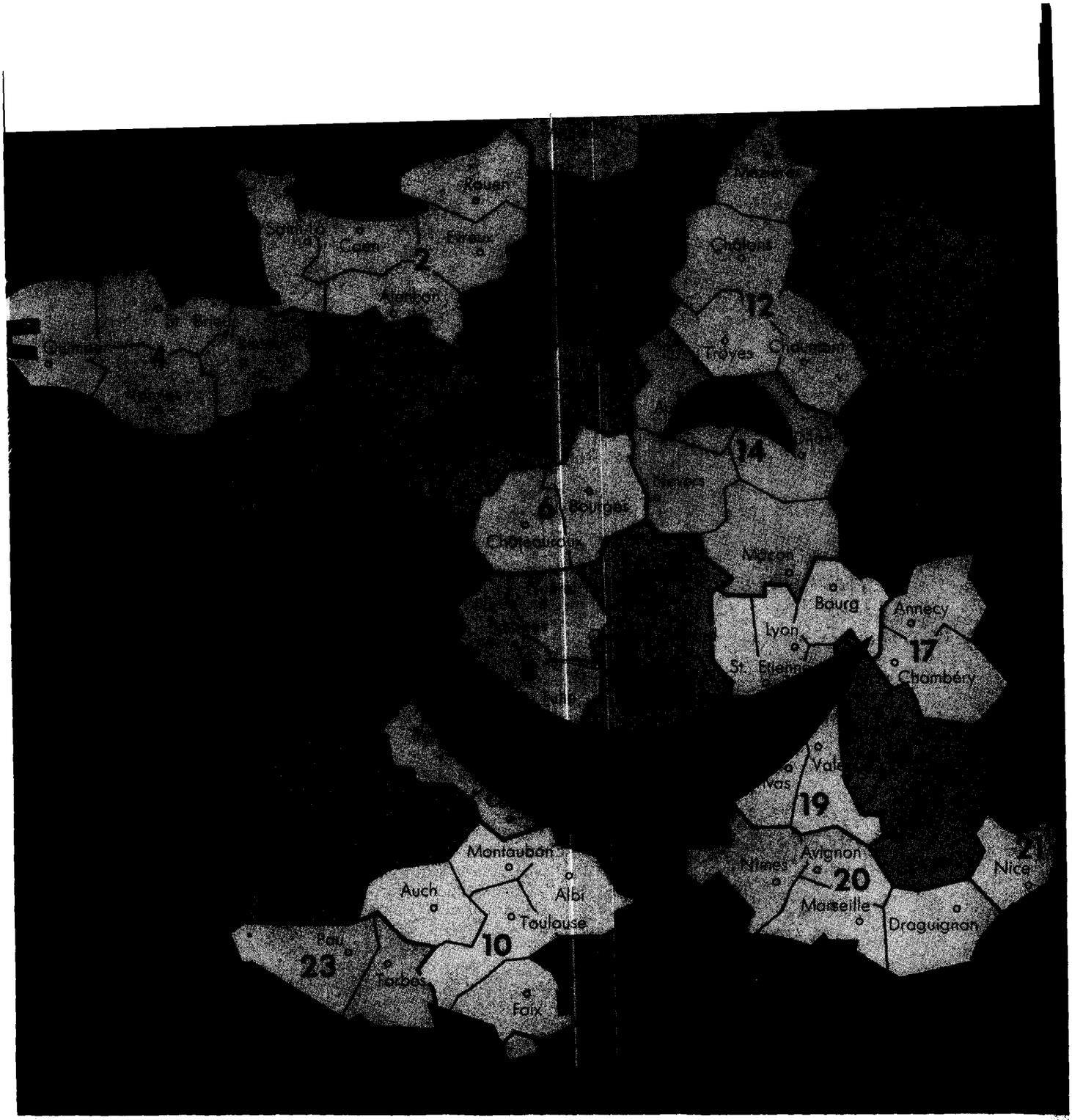

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FIRST OF THE MONTH

By Cleveland Amory

A CORRESPONDENT informs us that the slogan of the Library Club of America is "Readers are Leaders." We commend the slogan and only wish we could add that "Writers are Fighters."

• • •

October was the month of the strike in Big Steel and of the Big Steal in TV. In the former both Management and Labor wanted to manage, but neither, it seemed, wanted to work. Anyway, it had nothing to do with money. Nowadays, apparently, *everybody* has enough of that.

• • •

On TV, the march of crime went on. Meanwhile, not the least interesting thing about the news that the Dicks Nix Big Fix was the fact that so many people didn't really care—the general attitude seemed to be that it was all part of show biz, and so what. With this attitude, we cannot agree. We feel it is high time the networks realized that the all-time top programs on TV—the Army-McCarthy hearings and the Kefauver investigations—were not only not fixed, they were also one hundred per cent peopled by amateurs (at least show biz non-pros). There were dull stretches, it is true, but the fact remains that more people watched more television during those periods than at any other time before or since; and the reason was, of course, the suspense—indeed, since the day TV was invented, suspense has been the greatest thing the medium has or will have. Yet now, after all the skulduggery, it looks as if we are in for a long, cold winter of pre-taped, pre-tested, pre-filtered pap. We even feel strongly about the current over-use of tape—which may be a great invention for the Ampex Corporation, networks with transmission problems, the censors, and the Messrs. Dave Garroway and Jack Paar (whom it enables to get more beauty sleep); but as far as the rest of us are concerned, it has all the earmarks of one more fraud.

• • •

During the month we travelled to Coker College in Hartsville, South Carolina, for a literary festival featuring Humor in American Literature. Elizabeth Boatwright Coker, author of "La Belle," led off the discussion with a plea for a return to Uncle Remus, while Edna Pettigrew, author of "Three Is a Family," followed with some words on behalf of gentle humor and particularly "surprise humor." Then came Chalmers Davidson, of Davidson College, who declared he thought the meaner humor was, the better. He liked best H. L. Mencken, Dorothy Parker, and "the man who wrote that 'all men are created equal'." Anchorman Chapman Milling, both an author and a practicing physician in Columbia, S. C., finished off by plumping for a return to "sensible sensitivity" ("A Jewish dialect story," he said, "is no more anti-Semitic than a Scotch story is anti-Presbyterian"). He also gave us some intriguing Gullah dialect—"Better belly bust den good vittle spile" (Better to eat too much than let good food spoil) and "Fly time come, cow go want he tail" (Don't refuse me a favor, because some day you'll want a favor from me).

• • •

Travelling on down to Charleston, we found humor running rampant—indeed, Lord Ashley Cooper's "Dictionary of Charlestonese," as compiled for the *News and Courier*, was available everywhere from newsstands to the place mats in restaurants. Our favorite examples were "abode" (a wooden plank); "braid" (what you make "toe-est" from, to go along with "beckon an' a-igs for brake-fust"); "hail" (the abode—not wooden plank—of integrationists, some "damyankees," and other evil spirits"; "ice cool" (midway between grammar school and college); "layman" (a fruit from which "laymanade" is may-ade); "passé" (father has spoken); "pool-lease" ("cain you-all ask the pool-lease main ef ah cain pack hair?"); "sex" ("one less than seven, two less than eh-et, three less than noine, foe less than tin"); "Tin sin stow" (the "foive and doyme"), and finally "yawl" (mode of address used by N'Yawkers while visiting in the South).

• • •

Awl in awl, Charleston is, the way we see it, one of America's two most picturesque cities (the other being N'Yawleans)—and this despite the fact that we visited it on the heels of Hurricane Gracie, which not only did seven million dollars worth of damage to Charleston but which also, with winds up to 125 mph, ranks as one of this century's most powerful storms (in one

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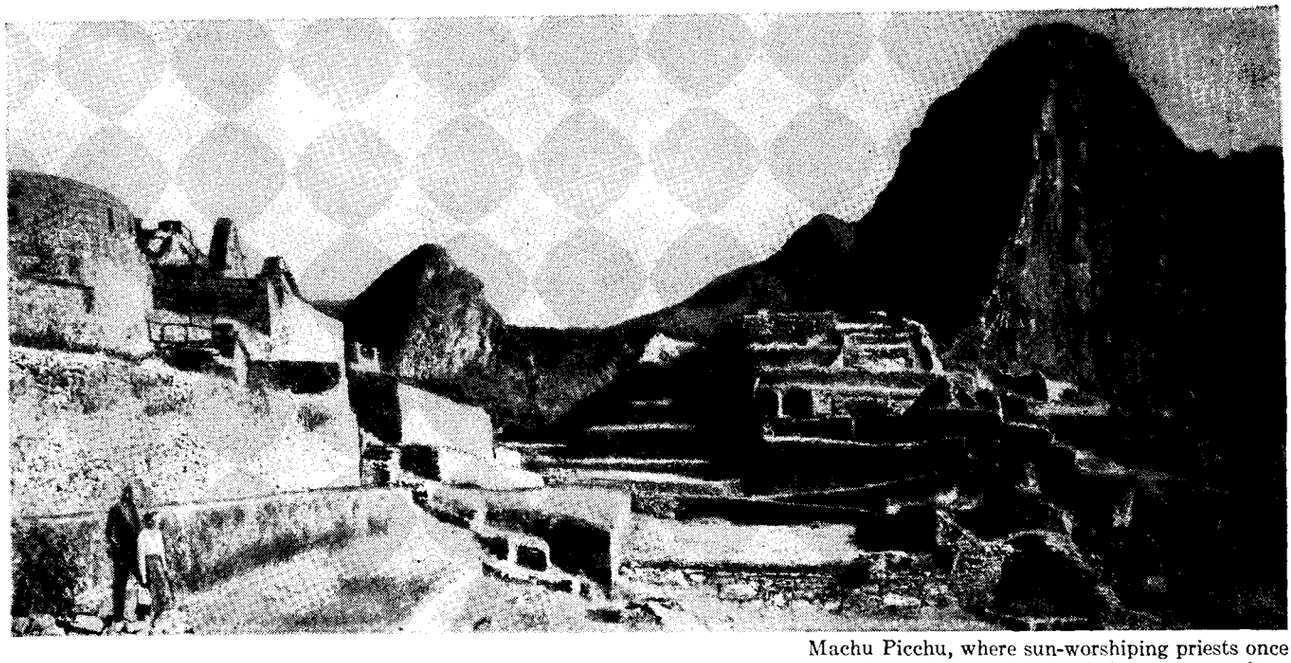

Machu Picchu, where sun-worshiping priests once ceremonially tied the sun to an altar.

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In Cuzco, capital of the Inca Empire, you'll see walls so tightly fitted, without mortar, that a knife can't be slipped between the stones. The secret of their building has never been learned, but narrow streets lined with them can be explored for hours—starting at the door of the Hotel Cuzco itself.

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You come away from Machu Picchu with profound admiration for the "early" Americans and the wonders which they accomplished. You will share your unique experience forevermore whenever you chance on someone who, like you, has "been to Machu Picchu."

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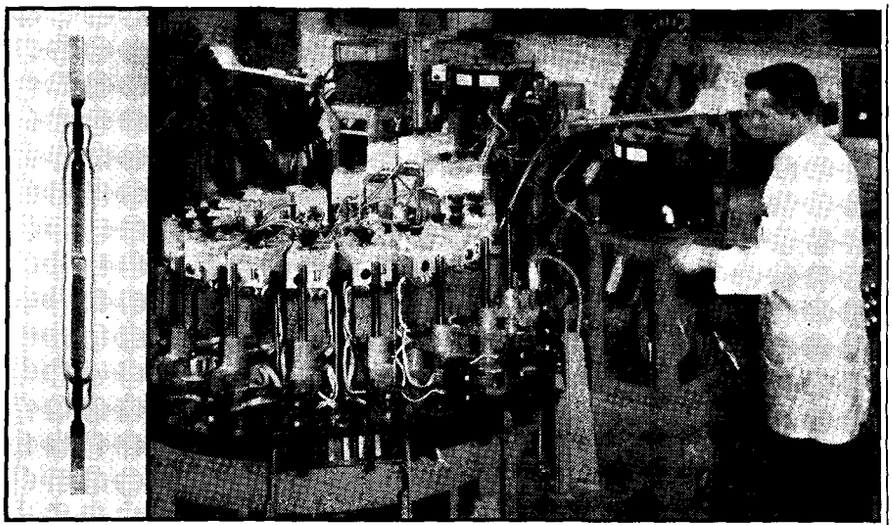

At left is new fast-moving switch (about ⅔ actual size) used in Direct Distance Dialing. Many of them go into action every time you dial. Enclosed in gas-filled glass tubes to assure perfect contacts. Made to last 40 years. The result of Bell Laboratories and Western Electric working together for best design. At right is remarkable new machine, designed by Western Electric, which assembles 360 switches an hour at very small cost.

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The simple truth is that it could never have been done so quickly and so economically without the unified setup of the Bell System.

For many a year it has given dynamic drive and direction to the business and provided the most and the best telephone service in the world.

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instance, at the Johnson Hagood Stadium, Gracie blew clean through a brick wall). Not the least of Charleston's picturesque sights is its Dock Street Theatre. Here for twenty-five years Emmett Robinson has run one of the country's most exciting community theatres, and also a steadily solvent one. Working solely with amateurs (his famous Footlight Players) Robinson has put on extraordinary shows year after year, and has done literally everything himself—from directing and producing to lighting and costuming. We feel strongly that his achievements should be more widely recognized and we left Charleston with the wish that ANTA and other groups concerned with our national theatre would take a good, long, hard look away from the Federal Government and toward this outstanding example of a self-supported, way-off-Broadway theatre.

• • •

October was also, sadly, a prominent month obituarily. Starting with the death, in St. Joseph's Island in the Gulf of Mexico, of multimillionaire Sid ("Cash makes a man careless") Richardson, the month moved on with such prominent demises as that, in Washington, of the great George Marshall, and ended with the death, in Vancouver, B.C., of Errol ("I never could reconcile my net income with my gross habits") Flynn. Relatively overlooked among these was the passing, in Fort Mill, South Carolina, of the redoubtable Elliott Springs, World War I ace, author ("Warbirds"), and textile tycoon (16,000 employees and the largest textile plant under one roof in the world). Attending Mr. Springs' funeral, we had the rather sad feeling that we were witnessing one more example of the end of personal—as opposed to personnel—management. For all his advertisements, which won him the reputation of playboy of the textile world, Mr. Springs was a beloved man, and the minister's voice, which was piped from the tiny Fort Mill Church, into the larger church in Lancaster, as well as to the crowds outside, was heard by a large proportion of three whole communities. "We are gathered here today," the minister said, "to pay tribute to the life and industry of Colonel Elliott White Springs who has been for all of his life such a vital force in the life of our three communities. We have lost a dear friend." Shortly after this, the telephone in the church rang out, and though a member of the choir quickly quieted it, somehow we thought the Colonel would have been pleased. He never could take much serious fuss.

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TRADE Winds

SCOOP! In that runaway best seller "Mine Enemy Grows Older," Alex King tells how he was once included in a novel as a character named "Max." Now, thanks to the fantastic memory and intellectual sleuthing of Tom Jackson, I can report that the novel probably is "Brainstorm," by Carlton Brown, published in 1944 by Farrar.

This is the first-person story of a young man who has a nervous breakdown, and some of us enjoyed it a few years ago not only because it was a pretty good story, but because we thought the author, whom we knew, could have been talking about himself. Now, looking through the book again, I am not so worried about the problems of the main character in it as I am fascinated by the fellow named "Max Kaye." In fact, I think the description of Max makes a fine sequel to "Mine Enemy."

IN "BRAINSTORM" the protagonist says of Max: "I regarded him as a sort of mentor and myself as one of a privileged group of stooges who laughed at his very funny stories and listened attentively to his often brilliant conversation. It did not bother me that he was intellectually unscrupulous and that he might recite an A. E. Coppard story, in a bastard brogue, as something that had been told to him by a quaint little man he had met under a bridge. . . .

"Max's usual account of his background was that he had been born in Austria and that he spent his youth there. He spoke Yiddish, German, and French well, and he had a slight accent that might have been authentically Viennese, except that Max seemed to turn it on and off at will. I never doubted that he was of foreign birth until a number of years later, when a bookseller I had met through Max told me he had gone to the early grades of public school with him on the lower East Side and knew that he was born there. . . .

"There was a lot of fantastic gossip in circulation about Max's crookedness. It appeared that he was a sort of confidence man of the arts. . . I'd had no first-hand experience with that phase of his life, and regarded it as a sort of controlled insanity which did not encroach upon or detract from the qualities I admired in him. His mind held deep human understanding and great wit, and if there were antisocial impulses in it which all of his intelligence could not overcome, that was none of my particular concern. He had been generous to me in many ways, and I found him invariably stimulating."

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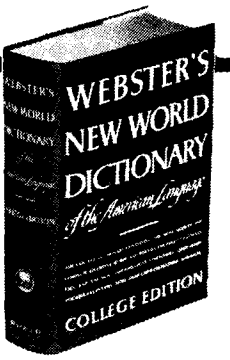

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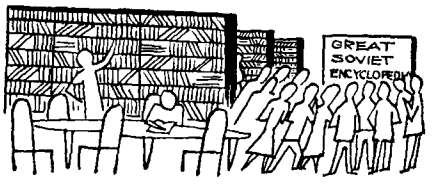
BE CALM!

By Harold Hadley Story

(The Army counsels the population to "keep calm" if nuclear bombs should start falling on American cities. The government booklet "Survival Under Atomic Attack" admonishes, "*Never* Lose Your Head.")

While being dismembered by a
nuclear bomb,
Remain calm!
And don't, while being irradiated,
Get agitated.
If devastation rains upon your city
It's a pity.
But such is life in time of nuclear
war, so
Keep your head although you lose
your torso.

FROM PHILADELPHIA comes the news that the Free Library has had to replace its Great Soviet Encyclopedia. Not sabotage or anything, but just that so many folks have been using it in the last



two years that the huge, multi-volume encyclopedia plain wore out. It takes up six feet of shelf space.

Furthermore, it is reported, the bookstore on the University of Pennsylvania campus sold out completely its stock of elementary Russian textbooks two days before the fall term started. In downtown Philly, Leary's says that the biggest demand has been for "Essentials of Russian" by Von Gronicka. The store carries about a dozen different titles of Russian grammars and Russian-English and English-Russian dictionaries.

MEANWHILE, back at the Soviet Union, at least a few folks are reading less than before. Harold Myers reveals that the Moscow skyline is dominated by tele-

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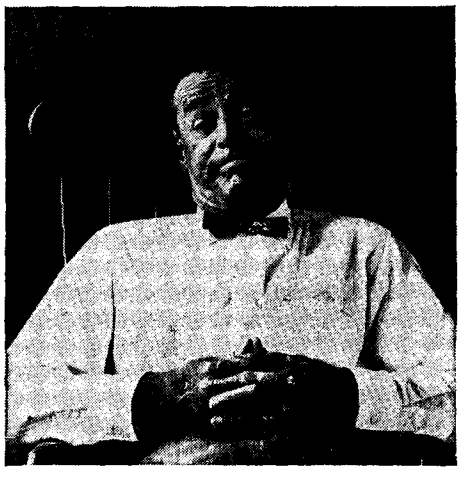
Trouble-maker

He is the silent one. He never speaks up on issues. He never sounds off in the letter column of his local newspaper. He never writes his Congressman. He is quiet as a clam. And in his wish to offend nobody, he offends Democracy. How could Democracy succeed...if all of us, like this one, withheld our opinions, our ideas, our criticisms? Voting on election day is only part of a citizen's duty. Active, day-by-day participation in government, in society, in business associations, is a responsibility for each and every one of us. The *silent* trouble-maker fails to understand this. In his worship of "law and order," he never dares to question an oppressive law, never distinguishes "order" from stagnation. He is the apostle of social decay, not democracy.



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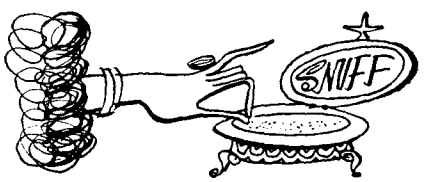
vision antennas. He writes in *Variety* that they can be found not only on the new apartment blocks in the center of the city and in the suburbs, but also on the old wooden shacks which remain in the city.

There are said to be one million TV receivers in use in Moscow, and five million in the country as a whole. As might be expected, there is a Seven Year Plan for the development of the television industry in the Soviet Union. The Plan will be fulfilled in 1964, and includes the construction of a Moscow Television City, now nearing completion. There will be a transmitting tower higher than the Eiffel Tower and, sure enough, there will be a restaurant up there, too.

DID YOU KNOW lots of American women use snuff? Margaret Carson, a public relations consultant, was asked by the manufacturers of Copenhagen, the world's largest-selling brand, to look into the matter. She placed an advertisement in this very magazine: "Will ladies who use snuff please write such-and-such a box?"

You must admit it was a disarmingly simple approach. She received hundreds



of replies, ranging from the cynical ("Okay, what are you selling?") to the confessional ("I'm ninety years old and a slight pinch of snuff in the nostrils before retiring brings on a sneeze and blissful freedom from the nasal stoppages and sinus conditions prevalent in our climate"). Two answers came from swanky Manhattan addresses.

I don't know what Miss Carson discovered about snuff through her subsequent investigations, but I guess we can conclude that a lot of lady readers of the *Saturday Review* are snuffers. They are apparently in good company, for there is still a snuff box in the Senate Chamber in Washington and it is kept filled at all times.

COMMERCIAL SPONSORSHIP of a book show on the radio is being tried. This fall a program called "Authors and Books" premiered on the Concert Network, under the co-sponsorship of Houghton Mifflin, Little, Brown, and Beacon Press. The half-hour show runs every Tuesday evening at 8:30 PM over all five stations of that network, in Portland, Boston, Providence, Hartford, and New York City. It features interviews by William Lacey, a professor of

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literature and drama at Boston Conservatory of Music, with authors of books from those three publishing houses.

It's a good idea. But nothing sells books like television. Lewis Meyer, in his article in *Publishers' Weekly* entitled "Television—Our Unpaid Hotshot Salesman," estimates that TV sells ten books to radio's one. Meyer, who operates two bookshops in Tulsa, writes:

"You turn the key in the lock of your bookstore a full half-hour before opening time only to hear the telephone's screams bounce from wall to wall in the empty store. Even as you're diving for for the receiver, you mutter, 'Who's been at it now? Paar? Garroway? Sullivan?' And sure enough, the voice at the other end marks the beginning of your business day with the words, 'How much is that book they talked about on TV last night? The one about———?'"

Meyer says it goes on every day. His only complaint is that he seldom knows which book is going to be plugged on television, and he often gets caught without a supply. But it's a mild complaint. He declares:

"Next time someone says that TV has hurt the book business, tell him that TV is the greatest force for selling books since censorship!"

IDDZIES AND ODDZIES: Don't miss the story in the November issue of *Esquire* in which Norman Mailer reveals, in terrifying black and white, his own version of his troubles with "The Deer Park" and with Stanley Rinehart. It sounds as though Norman was lying on the analyst's couch when he wrote this one, and I certainly hope Mr. Rinehart has a chance to say something, if he cares to. A publisher's lot is not a happy one.

► Alan Magary tells me that he was visiting Niagara Falls when a funeral procession passed the hotel. It wasn't elaborate, as the old song goes:

"Just a cortege small
By a waterfall."

► Mack MacGinnis says there is a restaurant in Alaska with a sign: "Clam Chowder—50 cents. Texas-Size Bowl—25 cents." —JEROME BEATTY, JR.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (NO. 1336)

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(THE) CASE FOR ABSTRACT ART

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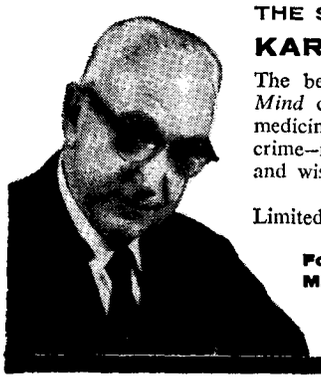

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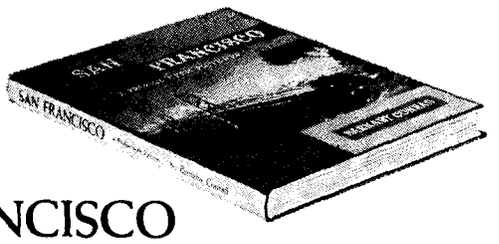

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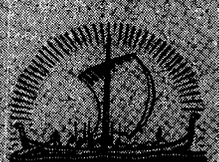

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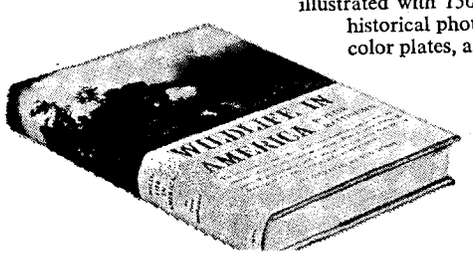

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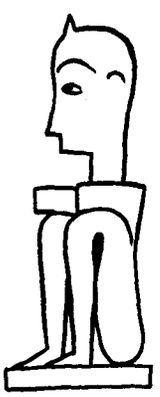

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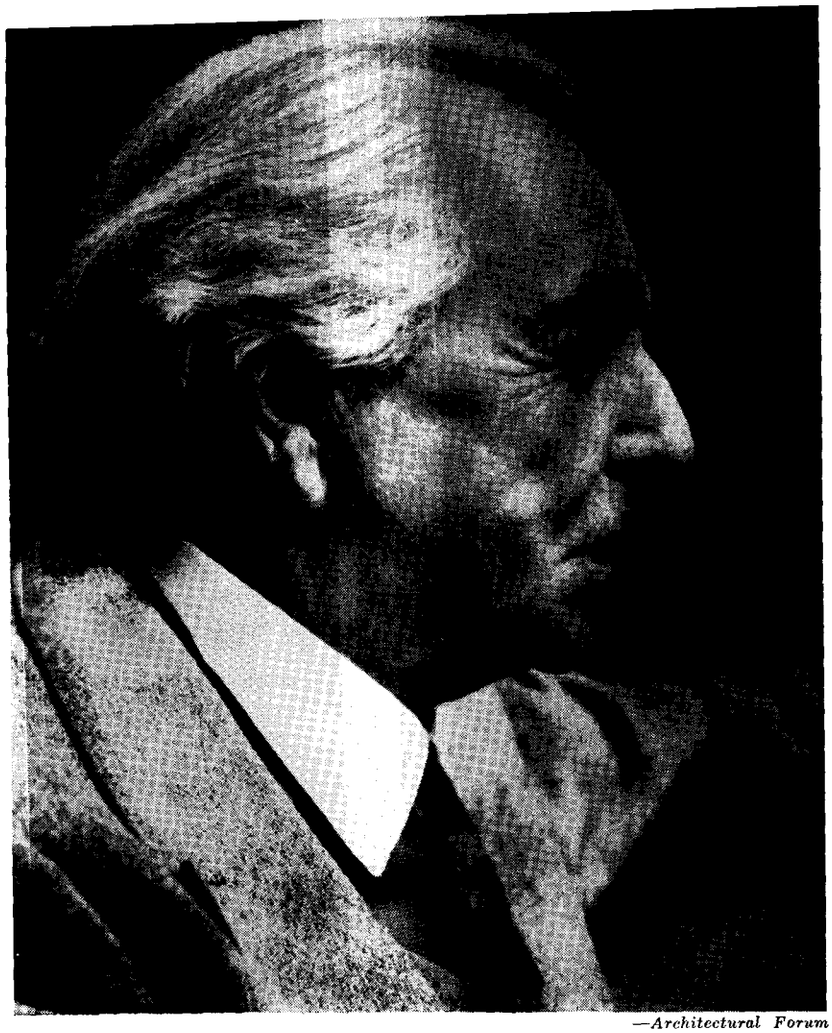

—*Architectural Forum*

Frank Lloyd Wright

HERO, PROPHET, ADVENTURER

By EDWARD DURELL STONE

EDITOR'S NOTE: *When Frank Lloyd Wright died in the spring of 1959 he left behind an architectural time bomb in the form of the Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, then being erected on New York's Fifth Avenue. On October 21, 1959, the museum was opened, a curious public came flocking in, and Mr. Wright's time bomb exploded. Reactions to the unconventional structure (Wright called it an "archeseum") ranged from shocked disapproval to awed admiration. (SR's art critic, Katharine Kuh, reports on opening: see page 36.) Wright, who always relished a good knockabout controversy over his works, would no doubt have welcomed this* brouhaha *as one means of making architecture a subject of public concern. Edward Stone, a close personal friend of Mr. Wright, here gives us new insight into the character and significance of the great architect. Mr. Stone, one of the three or four outstanding creative influences in contemporary architecture, designed the attractive United States Pavilion at the Brussels World Fair.*

ARCHITECTS are deeply involved in mankind. This is why the image of the man is sometimes so difficult to separate from the testaments he leaves behind in the form of his buildings and structures. The personality of Frank Lloyd Wright compounds this difficulty. He was such a flamboyant character, so beautifully and belligerently articulate, so willing to express his ideas, opinions and feelings. With his death this country lost its greatest creative talent.

The foreign press sensed this truth more clearly than the American newspapers did in their accounts of his life and work. It made me a little sad to see that the obituary notices published in the newspapers of his native land recorded only the outward shell of the man. All they seemed to signify was that Mr. Wright lived so many years, got into this or that difficulty, held such and such opinions, and designed so many homes, churches, and other buildings. The Manchester *Guardian* served him better in saying that "Mr. Wright could not have been anything but an American and done what he did." And André Chastel wrote in *Le Monde*, "Nothing was ever more deliberately or more profoundly American than the personality and career of Frank Lloyd Wright. You might define him as a 'hero' in the sense of Emerson, as a 'prophet' in the sense of Whitman, as an 'adventurer' in the sense of Melville. He possessed to the highest degree the self-confidence, the provocative originality, the stubborn, stunning faith in the goodness of nature and the happy bent of man without which you leave no imprint of yourself . . ."

Great ideas in architecture are rare. Throughout history, beginning with the Greeks or even with earlier civilizations, there have been scarcely half a dozen structural innovations. The Greeks perfected the use of the lintel. The Romans added the arch, the vault, and the dome, and Byzantine culture added the square surmounted by the dome. The great Gothic contribution was the flying buttress, designed to counter the thrust of huge vaults. From the Gothic period until Mr. Wright's time no new principle was added to our architectural vocabulary.

With the development of reinforced concrete, the steel frame, and the ele-

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vator, strong leadership was required for our architectural salvation. H. H. Richardson was an important force, and Louis Sullivan demonstrated what the steel frame could do; but it remained for Frank Lloyd Wright to become the creative inspiration and the prophet who established the still-unexploited principles of twentieth-century architecture.

He was the first to employ the principle of the cantilever on a large scale. The cantilever is a beam supported near mid-point with one end held down and the other end free to support a load. Previously it had only been used in balconies and in other minor ways, but Mr. Wright's cantilever revolutionized architecture by freeing the exterior walls from the need to support additional stories or a roof.

WHEN Mr. Wright built residences that hugged the earth, he offered them as an embrace of love and friendship with nature, not of a clinging, hermit fear. When he conceived towers raised toward the zenith, he sought to express the potentials of human aspiration rather than an eagerness to escape this world. When he spoke of the integrity of materials he never thought of the limitations of the medium, but rather of the infinite variety of the possible world.

He said that his observations and his convictions on architecture found confirmation in Mayan and Japanese designs. I think he admired the Japanese because they work in wood and have a great understanding of the simplicity and possible refinements of that material. Also, the Japanese have the idea of the "open plan." They open one space into another by sliding screens and panels. Their roof lines sweep low to the ground, and their concern with nature as an integral part of their building is very much in the spirit of Mr. Wright's work.

His interest in works of art for his own home was confined to Oriental prints, screens, pottery, and sculptures. He did not collect the art objects of Western culture. Yet he believed the architect capable of encompassing all of the arts. He performed the work of a landscape architect, sculptor, painter, and interior decorator. In doing so he broke with the whole architectural tradition of Western culture.

Frank Lloyd Wright with Edward Stone at Taliesen West in 1957.

Mr. Wright was proud of his American heritage. He loved his native Wisconsin and—like that of his transcendental heroes, Whitman, Emerson, and Thoreau—his love of nature was almost religious. As a matter of fact, when he was asked in an interview about his religious beliefs, he said that he loved God's works and got his strength and inspiration from his observations of nature. In his buildings he often used the themes of nature. For instance, his Robie house with its horizontal planes reflected the character of Midwestern land. Mr. Wright referred to this house as "the cornerstone of modern architecture," as indeed it is! He always likened his tower buildings, which were supported by a single structural support, to trees. His houses always bear strong resemblances to natural forms. This love and harmony with nature is a theme which runs all through his professional and private life. He lived in the country at all times and actually farmed the land. Taliesen North was essentially a farm.

He believed in the unity of personal life with creative life; the perfection of oneself in spirit, environment, and work. He was not diverted by the forces brought to bear on the average individual. He was free of pressures—he had a fabulous singleness of purpose. He said, "Love your wife and love your work, and that is all there is to life." During the twenty-five years that I knew him, he was married to Oglivanna, and was extremely happy with her: and she inspired him and cared for him tenderly. His turbulent period was over with by the time I met him. I think it is important that this be taken into account; his greatest works and his great recognition as an artist and as an individual came during these years.

Mr. Wright admired Thomas Jefferson both as a man of culture and as an architect. He was deeply influenced by Jefferson's ideas and ideals of democracy. What he deplored was what he called "mediocrity in high position." To Mr. Wright, bureaucrats were men without either strong convictions, high purposes or clear ideals. He said so, often, and in such a way as not to endear him to those necessary people.

There are two instances I recall which illustrate his response to the problem of leadership. When Governor Kohler wondered whether a Wright proposal for a Wisconsin bridge would be approved by his constituents, Mr. Wright said, "Well, Walter, you *are* the governor, aren't you?" Then he said, "Well, damn it then, govern!"

At another time he told me that he wanted to do a building for the federal government, but, he said, "I understand these bureaucrats, Ed, they have to keep their jobs. And if they were to propose me, their superiors would probably say, 'What do you want that wild-eyed dreamer for, anyway?'"

To my knowledge, Mr. Wright never expressed any great admiration for Western European culture. While he did appreciate the way the English, French, Italian and German people honored him, he objected strongly to the importation of European culture into this country simply for the purpose of emulating it. He thought that the Classical revival at the time of the Chicago World's Fair in 1893 had set American architecture back for generations. H. H. Richardson and Louis Sullivan had a very strong indigenous architectural heritage in the making at that time, but they were defeated by the Beaux Arts movement. This cluttered the country with Greek-temple banks, Renaissance hotels, Gothic department stores, and American government buildings, surmounted by structurally dishonest domes.

I never heard him express any admiration for European architecture other than to remark that he liked Christopher Wren as a person because he commanded the kind of respect Mr. Wright thought an architect deserved in society. I am not suggesting that he was himself concerned with status—he was too much of an individualist for that—but I think he felt that if the architect was to be free to make his best contribution, he must be a person whose opinions *in his field* were respected and whose suggestions were acted upon.

I remember once that he was retained by Iraq to do a cultural center for Baghdad. He told me that he was flying into Baghdad over the river. He saw an island in the Tigris River, unused and empty, right in the heart of the city. This was exactly what he wanted. He later told the officials, "This is an ideal place for my work." They were horrified: "Oh, no, you can't have that island, it belongs to the king." He met the king, the young man who was later assassinated, and told him what he wanted. The king liked the idea and said, "The island is yours." When Mr. Wright returned to this country, he told me this story and said, "To hell with democracy, give me monarchy." He meant nothing of the sort, of course, but it was his salty way of expressing his impatience with slow-motion decision making.

Mr. Wright was a complex and even

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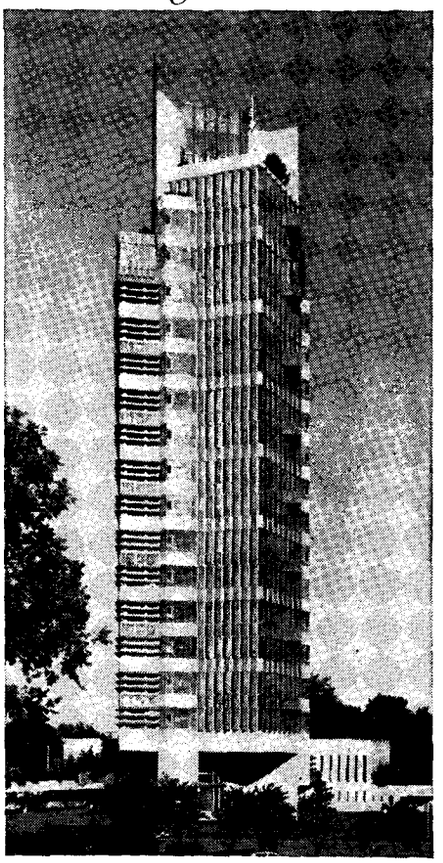
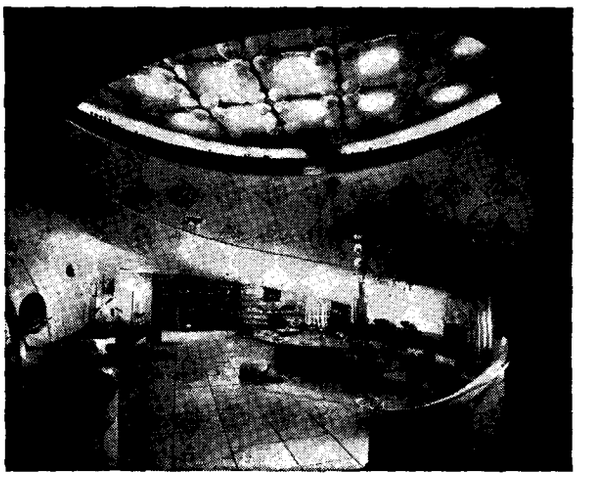
The Wright Look





Above left: Price Tower, Bartlesville, Okla. Upper right: Store designed for V. C. Morris, San Francisco. Lower right: First Unitarian Church, Madison, Wis.

contradictory personality, but his commitment to democracy was always clear. In a sense, it was Jeffersonian, for he, with Jefferson, never lost sight of the fact that it is the exceptional individual who always expresses the drive and the direction indigenous to the people. While it is true that he had a certain scorn for the anonymous mass, he had an abiding faith in the free individual. The gifted and the talented in all areas always had his respect, but he was violently repelled by mediocrity. This caused him to be misunderstood on many occasions. Mediocrity, uncreative anonymity, and ugliness; these he held to be the cardinal sins.

THE ugliness of the modern city moved him to passionate disdain. He felt, and I fully agree with him, that with all of our talents, all of our great resources and all of our knowledge we should be able to make the city a place of joy and beauty. Mr. Wright wanted man to live with beauty, to find poetry and romance in daily affairs and to establish clearly the rights of individual expression. This, he believed—and I too believe—is the role of the artist always and everywhere.

Every word that is written, every canvas that is painted, each building erected offers a chance for man to express himself in poetic beauty. And yet, it seems to me that we live in graveyards of lost opportunities . . . I realize as Mr. Wright did, that we can never return to the seemingly tranquil and pastoral life of our grandfathers. We have moved the world too far and too fast to ever again be content with limited horizons. But we have not yet grasped our opportunities. We have not yet learned to recognize the nature of the challenges which confront us. Mr. Wright's private fight with the "bureaucrats and money changers" is our fight . . . with ourselves.

Attempts to copy Mr. Wright's style or personal idiom have been met with disaster. But once we grasp the principles embodied in his work, he can be an inspiration for all of us. Mr. Wright's resolution of the problems we architects encounter is in every architect's subconscious. In everything we do we must acknowledge a great indebtedness to him.

I was honored when he said to me, "I admire your Indian Embassy. If I were doing it I would do it the same way." Somebody said that architecture was just the play of light and shade on an object. The embassy building has a rich pattern of light and shade which really constitutes the decoration of the building. It is this that made it appealing to Mr. Wright, for such patterns are salient characteristics of his own work.

If I am one of the architects he had a kind word for it was because we were, first of all, good friends. When later he liked my work, the fact that he credited it all to my young wife made me very happy indeed.

Just as a painter has his own style, so it is with an architect. Although each problem is entirely different, there are certain things that make a work inescapably a certain architect's. This is one of the alarming things about practicing architecture where there is a mass-production solution and the work

(*Continued on page 43*)

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LITERARY HORIZONS

The Vision of Life Is His Own

By Granville Hicks

IF ANYONE wants to make a study of Norman Mailer, most of the relevant documents are available in "**Advertisements for Myself**" (Putnams, $5), The book contains short stories, extracts from two of his three published novels, some reviews (unfavorable) of these novels, articles on political and literary matters, columns written for the *Village Voice,* transcripts of interviews, letters to newspapers, some verse, a portion of a play, two extracts from a work in progress, and sundry odds and ends. Along with all this there is a running commentary in which, with a great show of candor, Mailer tells how and why he wrote the pieces and what he now thinks of them. The result is a volume to gratify the student, although the general reader will not be blamed for skipping.

What the student is likely to conclude is that the crucial fact in Mailer's life was his early success. "The Naked and the Dead," published in 1948, when he was twenty-five, was given high praise, which it deserved in spite of large and obvious faults, and it had a vast sale. Up to then he had been simply a moderately talented young man, ambitious but no more ambitious than many another, and suddenly he was a major literary figure. What the book's reception did to him Mailer today appreciates:

> Naturally, I was blasted a considerable distance away from dead center by the size of its success, and I spent the next few years trying to gobble up the experiences of a victorious man when I was still no man at all, and had no real gift for enjoying life. . . . I was prominent and empty, and I had to begin life again.

The success of "The Naked and the Dead" was followed by the failure of "Barbary Shore." The reviewers jumped on it hard, and Mailer himself now admits that it has its shortcomings, although he obviously feels a certain tenderness towards it. What the reviewers might have recognized, but by and large didn't, is that "Barbary Shore" is an honorable failure, an attempt to do something different from "The Naked and the Dead" and more difficult

If success had disorganized Mailer, failure did nothing to restore his balance, and, as he records, the years after "Barbary Shore" were bad years. In time, however, he hit upon a grand scheme for a series of eight novels, and out of this came "The Deer Park." The novel sold well, presumably because word got around that it was dirty, but most of the critics were against it. Reading his account in "Advertisements" of the way it was written, I wonder that it isn't worse than it is, but it is bad enough. Yet Mailer, measuring it, as writers will do, in terms of the agony it had cost him, thought of it as his masterpiece, and the fact that it was not recognized as such was a further blow to his spirit.

From his college years on, Mailer has been sympathetic to radical causes, and it has always seemed to me that he might have been a happier man if he had come to maturity in the Thirties. As matters stand, his radicalism has been unfocused, and although his interest in politics is admirable in this nonpolitical era, his political writings are not particularly cogent. Moreover, as he has become embittered as a writer, his rebelliousness has become more explicitly personal. It is not altogether surprising, therefore, that this advocate of democratic socialism and Marxian socialism and anarchism (he seems to use the three terms interchangeably) is also a proponent of Hip. Although he is still interested in the theory of surplus value, he is more interested in the effects of marijuana.

AS A HIPSTER, Mailer feels that it is his duty to shock the Squares, and it is in this mood that much of the recent material in "Advertisements" has been written. He uses four-letter words for their shock effect, just as little boys do, and he employs other devices of the very young. He goes out of his way to be rude to his elders and betters, for instance Hemingway and Faulkner. He flexes his muscles in competition with his contemporaries: there is an essay, apparently written for this volume, called "Evaluations—Quick and Expensive Comments on the Talent in the Room," which deals, mostly in offensive terms, with other American writers. ("So far as I know," Mailer smugly observes, "this is the first time any of us has talked out in public about his competitors with the same words one might use in the living room.")

So Mailer throws his weight around. He is opinionated and arrogant, and, as became apparent when he was writing a column for the *Village Voice* in 1956, he expects to be listened to whenever he opens his mouth. (He has not only preserved his columns in this volume; he has preserved the silly letters, pro and con, they evoked.) At the same time he is full of self-pity: "Fitzgerald was an indifferent caretaker of his talent, and I have been a cheap gambler with mine." In short, as he reveals himself in this volume, he is not a particularly appealing person.

But we have to remind ourselves that great works of art have been created by persons quite as unattractive as Norman Mailer. That he hopes to achieve greatness he makes clear:

> For if I have one ambition above all others, it is to write a novel which Dostoevsky and Marx; Joyce and Freud; Stendhal, Tolstoy, Proust, and Spengler; Faulkner, and even old mouldering Hemingway might come to read, for it would carry what they had to tell another part of the way.

His aspirations are admirable, and I have no doubt that, in spite of his lapses into juvenility, he is completely serious. What are his chances? The evidence to be found in this book, particularly in the two extracts from the work in progress, is inconclusive. One of the extracts is a story called "The Time of Her Time," a singularly ugly piece of writing whose only distinction is that it describes the sexual act in more detail than any piece of fiction I have read. What Mailer achieves with his physiological detail, however, is merely the coldness of a medical textbook; of sex as an approach to "the paradise of limitless energy and perception," to borrow a phrase he uses elsewhere, there is not the slightest suggestion.

On the other hand, the second extract, called "Advertisement for Myself on the Way Out," which is the prologue to the novel on which he is working, has a wild imaginativeness that engages the reader. This is the quality that made "Barbary Shore" seem hopeful in spite of its faults, that redeemed portions of "The Deer Park." Here is a hint of the kind of apocalyptic novel that, if he could write it, would carry Mailer to the height to which he aspires. His vision of life, which so often seems dim, is at least his own, and when it comes clear, it is dazzling and horrible. I'm not at all sure he can do what he wants to do, but perhaps he can, and, in any case, I wish he would get about it instead of frittering away his time.

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Freedom Prospers in a World Market Place

In his essay review of ***"Merchants of Peace," by George L. Ridgeway*** *(Little, Brown. 291 pp. $4.50), former New York Governor Averell Harriman emphasizes that "international relations are not exclusively intergovernmental relations." There are the international relations of labor, the world religions, science, and, perhaps most tellingly of business—in which the Chamber of Commerce has played a vigorous role.*

By AVERELL HARRIMAN

IN HIS speech before the New York Economic Club Nikita Khrushchev took occasion to note and applaud the motto reproduced on a postage stamp recently issued in the States: "World Peace Through World Trade."

The stamp was issued last spring to mark the fortieth anniversary of the International Chamber of Commerce. The phrase was coined in the 1930s by the late Thomas J. Watson of IBM and has ever since been the motto of the International Chamber. What Mr. Khrushchev means when he associates himself with the phrase is not clear. I do know that for many of his factory managers, wistfully perusing American machine-tool catalogues filled, as they describe it, with "so many delectable items," world trade is an opportunity to get advanced equipment, to boost their own production. I do know that Khrushchev himself is anxious to get machinery for synthetics and plastics, in which they are far behind us. But the Soviets have been buying U.S. equipment and know-how since Lenin's time, and then copying it.

On the other hand, what "World Peace Through World Trade" means to a large segment of Western businessmen is stated clearly in George Ridgeway's honest and provocative history of the International Chamber of Commerce.

More notice should be given the fact that international relations are not exclusively intergovernmental relations. Nor have they ever been. The society of nations is as incorrigibly pluralist and complex as are societies within nations. The international relations of business, of labor, of the world religions, of the Red Cross, of science and medicine are legitimately a part of international life and often an important part.

The International Chamber of Commerce began in 1905 as a loose federation of businessmen intent upon countering the growing strength of the socialist Second International. While primarily concerned with an international defense of *laissez-faire* economics, the group was also committed to an open-world society. Here now is the first history of this organization: James T. Shotwell states in the preface:

> The record set forth in the pages which follow shows how it has built upon the solid groundwork of day-to-day experience the foundations of an international community and how, still further, it has sketched the architectural blueprints of the edifice of international peace.

After reorganization in 1919, the Chamber established an impressive coalition of liberal business leaders in the commercial nations of the world. During the 1920s, with the United States standing aloof politically, the Chamber provided a means by which our more enlightened—and realistic—businessmen could try to do something about international cooperation. Thus Owen Young of General Electric began a most successful effort to establish an international rule of law in commercial transaction through a system of arbitration, backed by treaties.

Ridgeway is compelling in his account of the vision, idealism, and practical accomplishment of the organization's leaders between the wars. Yet, of course, they failed in their essential objective, which was to turn the edge of economic nationalism. As an American delegate to one of the meetings of the International Chamber in Paris in the middle 1920s, I asked a group of European businessmen with whom I was having dinner how they explained that the American economy was expanding while Europe was standing still. They all agreed it was because we had a continent of free trade, which, no matter what businessmen might do, Europe could never achieve because of the nationalist demands of each nation's military program. Every country wished as far as possible to have self-contained industrial production to support the manufacture of its military equipment, from brass buttons to big guns. Today, mutual-defense arrangements under the North Atlantic Treaty Organization are making a European Common Market possible.

On the other hand, the Chamber did produce a program to correct the worst abuses of economic nationalism and did succeed in winning the support of an element of the world business community to that program. Vindication came after World War II with the establishment and success of economic bodies such as the International Monetary Fund, the World Bank, and the General Agreement on Trade and Tariffs.

Dr. Ridgeway argues from the history of the ICC that it has become essential to further international pluralism by fostering private groups such as the Chamber. He then calls for vastly expanded efforts, particularly by business, to bring the underdeveloped nations into the world market.

He asks for a "plan for world economic development based upon world trade expansion." He presents precedents for

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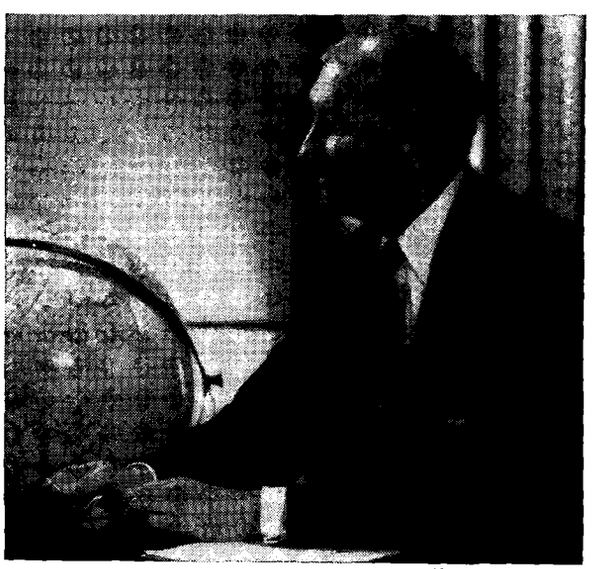

—Fabian Bachrach.

George Ridgeway—Provocative history of the ICC.

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Nobel Prizewinner In Literature:

SALVATORE QUASIMODO

Salvatore Quasimodo —*Wide World*

By SERGIO J. PACIFICI, *who has just returned from a year's stay in Europe on a Morse Fellowship. His book "A Guide to Italian Literature: From Futurism to Neorealism" will soon be published by Meridian.*

THE ANNOUNCEMENT of the award of the Nobel Prize in Literature to Salvatore Quasimodo may well mark the turning point for contemporary Italian poetry. Of all the literary genres, poetry has been the one that has most consistently been neglected, partly because of the well-known difficulties inherent in translating it into another language and partly because poetry is notoriously an unprofitable commercial venture outside of its native grounds. Thus, while almost 100 Italian works of fiction and nonfiction have been Englished in the past fifteen years, barely a handful of the many fine Italian poets of our century (Ungaretti, Saba, and Montale among them) have been privileged to receive anything like the kind of presentation to an international audience that their work deserves. Quasimodo himself is no exception: indeed, if he is at all known in the English-speaking world, he owes his recognition to a fine tribute by Sir C. M. Bowra, published in *Horizon* in 1946, to the sparse translations of his verses published in the "little magazines" (notably *Poetry* of Chicago), and to his inclusion in two recent anthologies of Italian poetry.

Strangely enough, it is in the light of the present situation that this year's award assumes special significance. In bestowing the highest literary award in the world upon Quasimodo, it seems to me that the members of the international committee making the selection intended not only to express their high esteem for Quasimodo's art, but also to pay tribute to the vitality and maturity distinguishing postwar Italian letters. Finally, by choosing a relatively little-known poet, rather than a novelist of the reputation of Moravia or Silone, they have accorded a much delayed recognition to the achievement of modern Italian poetry.

THE NOBEL Prize awarded to Quasimodo crowns a life of poetic labor that, in diversity and quality, has few rivals on the contemporary cultural scene. For Quasimodo is not only an original poet, but is also an extremely lucid and sensitive translator of the Bible ("The Gospel According to John"), and of such classical poets as Homer, Catullus, Aeschylus, Shakespeare, Molière, and Neruda.

Salvatore Quasimodo was born in 1901 in the lovely Sicilian town of Syracuse. Like Capuana, Verga, and Pirandello, and like all the intellectuals blessed and cursed at the same time by their Sicilian birth, he emigrated to the more "civilized" North and took up residence in Milan. After he had completed his education, he became a functionary in the Civil Engineering Department in the nearby town of Sondrio.

Attracted to humanistic studies, he began studying Latin and Greek. In 1930 he decided to quit his job and devote himself to writing and teaching. Some years later he won the chair of Italian Literature at a Milanese *Liceo*. For several years he has occupied a similar position at the Giuseppe Verdi Music Conservatory.

His earliest poems were published in 1930 by *Solaria*, the Florentine magazine that counted among its contributors Montale, Vittorini, Moravia, Ungaretti, and T. S. Eliot. By 1938 Quasimodo had produced five slim books of poetry ("Poesie," published that year, being a collection of his best poems), and had become a recognized exponent of the "hermetic" school of poetry.

The critics almost unanimously acknowledged the mastery of Quasimodo and the modernity of his verse, whose "verbal and rhythmic sensitivity, at times exquisite," was well evidenced by many of his youthful poems. Although he had begun writing under the partial influence of Carducci, Pascoli, D'Annunzio, and of his contemporaries Ungaretti and Montale, Quasimodo soon found a style of his own through which he could sing, with both passion and detachment, his loneliness and anguish: "*Sono un uomo solo/un solo inferno.*"

With the passing of time, Quasimodo's vision took a firmer shape. His gradual maturing coincided with his particularly fortunate "encounter" with the Greek lyrical poets, and with his "discovery" of his native soil. Writing from faraway Milan, the poet (like his good Sicilian friend Elio Vittorini) found at last a suitable perspective from which he could see, understand, and love Sicily not merely as a motherland, but as a symbol of a place on earth where people live, toil, and suffer (in hope or in a quiet hopelessness) —a land of beauty and incomparable dignity, "where sul-

(*Continued on page* 42)

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FICTION

Tale of an Arboreal Aristocrat

"The Baron in the Trees," by Italo Calvino; *translated by Archibald Colquhoun (Random House. 217 pp. $3.50), is an unusual story about an eighteenth-century nobleman who spends his entire life in the branches of Italy's forests. Keith Botsford, whose special interest is contemporary European literature, is an editor of the forthcoming periodical* Noble Savage.

By Keith Botsford

ON THE 15th of June, 1767, the twelve-year-old Cosimo Piovasco di Rondò—his parents having sought to compel him to consume a dish of snail soup and more snails for his main course, both prepared by his sadistic sister Isabella in revenge for his having let the said snails escape from the barrel in the cellar where she had incarcerated them—refused to eat the "wretched mollusks." When his father ordered him from the table, Cosimo went into the garden and climbed a holm oak, in a "three-cornered hat, lace stock and ruffles, green tunic with pointed tails, purple breeches, rapier, and long white leather gaiters."

"I'll never come down again!" he retorted to his father's threats, and, Calvino says in this utterly remarkable novel, "He kept his word." When he was past sixty-five, "some English aeronauts were experimenting with balloon flights along the coast" and when they unrolled their anchor in a gust of wind, seeking to hook onto something more solid than air, "the dying Cosimo, at the second when the anchor rope passed near him, gave one of those leaps he so often used to do in his youth . . . and so we saw him fly away, taken by the wind, scarce braking the course of the balloon, and vanish out to sea . . ." On his tombstone was inscribed: "Cosimo Piovasco di Rondò—Lived in trees—Always loved earth—Went into sky."

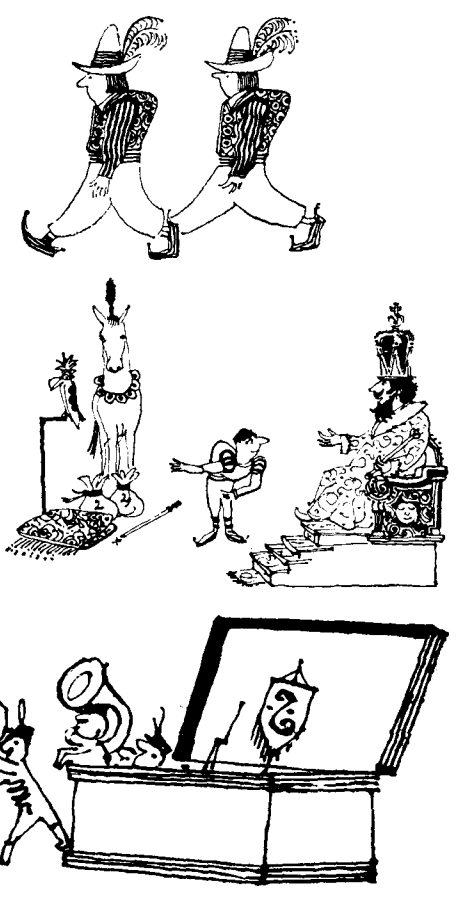
Between his self-imposed exile and his disappearance, much happened to Cosimo, thanks to the fact that at the time the trees grew thick in Ombroso and he could travel great distances without breaking his vow. While still a boy, he roamed with the fruit thieves. Through his adolescence he studied and read, tutored in the trees' lower limbs by the daydreaming Abbé Fauchelefleur. Reading so swayed him that he communicated his love of literature to the terrible brigand Gian dei Brughi, causing the latter to be captured with a snare made of the last three pages of "Clarissa" and to be hanged begging to know the end of "Jonathan Wild." "I'm sorry to tell you, Gian," Cosimo said, "that Jonathan ends hanged by the neck." "Thank you," answered the brigand. "Like me. Good-bye." Upon which "he himself kicked away the ladder and was strangled."

In his manhood, with his gift for organizing projects, Cosimo directed operations against forest fires and marauding wolves, and suffered a *crise de conscience* when his hydraulics-loving half-uncle, the Cavalier Enea Silvio Carrega, turned out to be in league with the Barbary pirates—perhaps from nostalgia for his years with the Sultan. When his father died, Cosimo took off to the neighboring town of Olivabassa and found there a whole group of Spanish exiles reduced to living in the trees because they were not allowed to stay *in* the territories of the commune. Later, in the only parts of the novel about which I have any reservations at all, he loves Viola in the trees, meets Napoleon and some Russian soldiers pursuing the Emperor's troops, and finally faces his apotheosis in the clouds, brought to this by a transition that expresses very well the wonderful delicacy of Calvino's style: "Youth soon passes on earth, so imagine it in the trees, where it is the fate of everything to fall: leaves, fruit. Cosimo was growing old."

If all this sounds like a tour de force, that is exactly what this novel is, a stunning one, which consists in making us believe that life in the trees is as natural as life on earth. But Calvino's achievement must be measured against the pitfalls he has avoided: the superimposed symbolisms of Duerrenmatt, the ponderous allegories of Golding, the philosophical meanderings of Hesse, and the cuteness of Capote. Any one of these traps, in the hands of a lesser writer, could have spoiled the delights of this tale.

The secret of Calvino's success is to be found in his refusal to have a fixed moral point of view. Cosimo neither derides nor pities those who live on earth. Nor is he too articulate about what he is doing up in the trees him-

ONCE UPON A TIME, according to folklore, Italy was a land flourishing with kings and sorcerers, princesses and magic potions. It was, however, not until recently that Italo Calvino, whose novel "The Baron in the Trees" is reviewed above, gathered the fairy tales from Italy's past into an engaging collection, **"Italian Fables"** (Orion, $4.95). Calvino's stylish wit and warmth bring to these centuries-old tales a fresh charm. The illustrations, amusingly drawn by a young American, Michael Train, are as sprightly and good-humored as the stories.



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self; he realizes well the dangers and discomforts of his position. In love, for instance:

> Cosimo avoided the refinements of dalliance, the wanton perversities, nothing in love pleased him that was not natural. The republican virtues were in the air; a period was coming which would be both licentious and severe. Cosimo, insatiable lover, was a stoic, an ascetic, a puritan . . . he never knew the sadness after love preached by theologians; on this subject he even wrote a philosophic letter to Rousseau, who, perhaps disturbed by it, did not reply.

The foregoing passage contains all the elements of Calvino's style: the understatement, the wry turn, the careful, cadenced phrasing (so admirably rendered into English by Archibald Colquhoun), its logic and force.

After all, "charming" was not always a word of depreciation. Calvino is knowing, uncluttered, warm, humorous, and exceedingly charming. What his publishers call "satire" is really fantasy: Cosimo attacks no one, nothing, and Calvino's detachment, sometimes carried to deliberately absurd lengths, underlines foolishness but does not castigate it. The stylization and artificiality into which his novel could have fallen are artfully avoided much as the Commedia dell' Arte avoids them: by being spry and self-amused as well as amusing. And the genre, the pastoral-picaresque, is one that Calvino has all to himself. It is a wonder and a delight.

Plight of a Self-Made Penitent

***"The Tempter," by Norbert Wiener** (Random House. 240 pp. $3.75), is a first novel about scientists in the pre-atomic years, written by the eminent mathematician and originator of cybernetics. Joseph Wood Krutch is a literary critic and essayist whose books have included "The Measure of Man" and "The Chain of Life."*

By Joseph Wood Krutch

WHEN a distinguished mathematician who has made important contributions to the development of the "electric brain" turns to fiction, what sort of novel would you expect him to write? Science fiction? Disguised autobiography? Or perhaps a warning in the manner of "Brave New World" and "1984"?

Any of these would seem to me more probable than the quiet, somewhat conventional story that "The Tempter" turns out to be. The form is indeed pseudo-autobiography, but the hero is an engineer not a pure scientist; his career in no way parallels that of the author; the action takes place before World War II, and the ethical problem, though it is as central as the title would suggest, is not new, but rather pre-atomic.

Behind all this there is, I suspect, a conscious intention, but it is not explicitly stated. If I interpret Professor Wiener aright, what he means to imply is simply that ethical problems are never new, that honest and decent dealing are the same in every age, and that if the brave new world goes wrong it will be for the same reason that things went wrong in the lives of those who lived in a less sensational age.

The narrator, who leaves a posthumous account of his career, is a Swiss-trained engineer who immigrated to the United States and came up the hard way from manual laborer to chief engineer. He works for an important firm, which he guides into pioneer experiments with automatic ship controls and which stands, therefore, at the threshold of the new age.

Most of the book is devoted to a straightforward account of the hero's professional life, straightforwardly told in direct and effective prose, without any great literary pretensions. Engineers have been the heroes of fiction much less often than artists or businessmen and one might read most of the book as no more than a convincing account of what the professional life of an engineer may be. But the last words of the narrative are: "My life from now on could be nothing but a secret penance . . . There was nothing left for me but to make way for younger men, in the hope that they would not follow in my footsteps."

What was the sin that seemed to the narrator at the end of his life to have corrupted the whole? It was nothing very spectacular or unusual. It was merely that he had acquiesced in the dubious ethics of industry and had tried to persuade himself that the end justified the means.

In the technical publications of an eccentric, obscure, unsuccessful, and cantankerous, self-educated engineer he finds the key idea that will solve the problems with which his company is faced. To deal with their originator would be extremely difficult, and the head of the firm suggests a way out. If they can persuade a second-rate professor of engineering who has done some work in related fields to adopt the other man's idea as his own, take out patents, stage a test case, and hire the right expert witnesses, they can probably get away with it. And that is precisely what they do. They are not utterly ruthless, just ruthless enough. The figurehead is well paid and, after the whole affair has been settled, some compensation is offered to the originator of the idea. In fact, the narrator, to salve his conscience, calls upon the eccentric and confesses his fault. But the crank will have none of it. Instead of money he chooses the satisfaction of showing the man who offers it what he thinks of him. And he does the job so well that the latter ends his story with the sentences previously quoted.

Perhaps the bitterest passage in the book is that concerned with "expert witnesses." "It was absurd that a witness whose obvious duty was to tell the truth, even about his opinions, should be a hired legal gladiator. . . . I can tolerate a liar, but not a man who lies to himself. It is the pomposity, the self-conscious virtue and propriety of these respectable gentlemen which sticks in my craw. Witnesses indeed!" But they are only a little worse than those who hire them and not so bad as the scientist who plays the game of the entrepreneur.

More and more the scientist and the mathematician are being drawn out of the study and the laboratory into the "practical world." I think Professor Wiener means his book to be, first of all, a solemn warning to them that the practical world is a corrupting one.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 855

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 855 will be found in the next issue.

ARE MY BCDFOGYYFMHY, ARYK ACPR F HCPPHY YQQNGP ENS TFK MY CXLNDDCMHY?

—BNSOHFD ANNBGSQQ.

———

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 854

A diplomat is a man who always remembers a woman's birthday but never remembers her age.

—Robert Frost.

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Two-Track Tale

"The Lost Europeans," by Emanuel Litvinoff *(Vanguard. 288 pp. $3.95), is a story about postwar Berlin and of a man who returns to his native city after fourteen years' absence. Richard Plant, the author of "The Dragon in the Forest," is a writer and critic who specializes in modern German literature.*

By Richard Plant

EMANUEL LITVINOFF, an English journalist and radio writer, has tried to write two novels in one, with the unfortunate result that neither has come off. First, there is the thriller in the Eric Ambler tradition, replete with secret agent (this time with a false Brooklyn accent), anonymous telephone calls, and sudden shifts from luxury to dangerous dinginess. All this is strung up along a clothesline, in this case a search for a missing person. The second novel is that of the German-Jewish refugee, who returns to the place of his birth after the Hitler horror and World War II. Strange as it may sound, this novel, too, has become as rigidly patterned as an Ambler: the shock of the ruins, the missing friends, the memories, the deceptive sameness, and the later shock of the opulent new houses, the prosperous people, the booming enterprises and night clubs where the natives are worshipping, with determined vigor, the false idols of money, food, and sex. In most novels of returnees the hero is torn between his intelligence, which tells him that a young man, now twenty years old, could not have been an active Nazi, and his emotions, which suspect one and all.

Martin Stone, the protagonist, is just such a man—but we hasten to add that he is only the hero of the "second" novel, the serious one, and that Mr. Litvinoff has buried whatever he wanted to say underneath layers of sophomoric philosophizing, ludicrous love scenes, and an intensely purple prose. In addition, we are asked again and again to feel sorry for Martin, who not only has a middle-class home in England and prospects for a large sum of money coming to him as restitution, but who wins the affection of a nice girl from East Berlin called Karin—and here, *hélas*, hangs another story.

According to the publisher's notes, Mr. Litvinoff went to live in Berlin for some time. But nothing, absolutely nothing of the typical qualities of the people of Berlin can be found anywhere in his story. The quick wit, the bitter humor, the rock-bottom patience that enabled Berliners to endure starvation winters, the Russian invasion, the blockade, the airlift and, one is tempted to say, the new prosperity: nothing has been worked into either plot or dialogue. Christopher Isherwood's "Berlin Stories," though a portrait of the Twenties, caught more of the specific flavor of Berlin than Mr. Litvinoff's Cinerama.

The Twenties bring up another point. Martin, reminiscing about the days before Hitler, repeatedly receives the impression that the new West Berlin attempts to live like that of the Twenties. (Lotte Lenya, Max Reinhardt, Kurt Weill, lots of Bohemia, etc.). This is not only impossible but incorrect since essential elements are missing. But the author presents some thoughts on the subject which left this reviewer puzzled. He mentions the "sadistic Berlin of Max and Moritz, Fritz Lang and 'Metropolis,' throbbing with a diseased energy, the pus of hatred already beginning to erupt . . ." How did Max and Moritz, a comic strip by Wilhelm Busch (1832-1908), get into Berlin of the Twenties?

That other novel, the one running along the tracks laid out by Eric Ambler, occasionally shows signs of life when Mr. Litvinoff stops shouting and settles down to a nice chase in the manner of a good old thriller. But the serious book is always in the way, and the prose gets purpler and purpler. Also, Mr. Litvinoff seems oddly fascinated by cigars, so much so that his book almost goes up in smoke. On pages 99, 108, 182, 192, 223, 224, 242, 244, 258, and 262, to mention only a few, cigars are puffed, put out, squeezed into trays; they tempt but are not taken, are stuck into mouths, smoked, and refused. In old-fashioned publishing houses there used to exist a man called editor whose job it was to make language that was "throbbing with a diseased energy" less throbbing. Whatever has happened to him?

BEHIND THE CURTAIN: Daphne du Maurier's collection of short stories **"The Breaking Point"** (Doubleday, $3.95), leaves no doubt as to the author's talent as a crackerjack raconteuse. Each selection is a masterpiece—sometimes of suspense, chicanery, insidious evil, in other instances of sensitivity and perception, as in the case of "The Pool," a heartrending story about the brink of adolescence. She takes the reader by the icy hand and leads him behind the curtain to view the characters on their ways to their own breaking points.

If you read a book of short stories as I do, starting at page one and proceeding in an orderly manner, you will be exposed to the experiences of compulsive murder and the horrors of base propaganda. Then the thought comes to mind: Miss du Maurier can conjure up a scene, an atmosphere; the suspense is shattering; she can make characters live and breathe; but where, oh where is her sense of humor? Any relief in sight? Or is this *my* breaking point?

Daphne du Maurier — "the subtleties and foibles of human nature."

Have another go at it. Turn the page to "The Menace." It is a cool breeze for a fevered brow—a hilarious story of the career of a Hollywood matinee idol whose greatest emotional excitement is evoked by the sight of a nice bowl of porridge. Tall, broad-shouldered, hipless, provocatively homely, completely deadpan, dumb beyond belief, this heart-throb leaves the fans writhing in their seats. His vast popularity might have gone on for years except for the "feelies"—a new movie technique by which the theatres are wired and audiences actually "feel" the personalities projected on the screen. Unfortunately, our hero's sawdust composition fails to register with the wiring apparatus. The ensuing efforts of his wife (yes, he has one—a mom type), his manager, his coach, his agent, and other partners interested in his career, to rouse "The Menace" to an emotional pitch sufficient to vibrate the sex-appeal detector are funny and rowdy in the extreme. His particular "breaking point" is a happy one.

The book closes with the "The Limpet," which is particularly satisfying because the main character is one familiar to everybody. You've known her and I've known her—a mean, selfish, devious, stupid creature who screens her puny schemes behind a façade of nauseating nice-Nellyisms.

Throughout these stories, Daphne du Maurier demonstrates her talent in ferreting out and describing the subtleties and foibles of human nature.

—MARGARET HURLEY.

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THE DICTATORIAL LIFE

Rise and Fall of a Terrible Five

***"Twilight of the Tyrants," by Tad Szulc** (Holt. 304 pp. $4.50) is a New York Times-man's account of collapsing dictatorships in South America. It is reviewed by Fillmore Calhoun, a former foreign correspondent who is now a writer and editor in New York.*

By Fillmore Calhoun

THIS book is a thoughtful, ably written guide through the usually poorly reported convolutions of South American politics. It offers the heartening thought that "democratic unity, though it calls for a selflessness and reasonableness that still are shockingly new to Latin American politicians," is now infinitely preferable to rule by dictatorships. And while tracing this development, the author serves up the lives and times of five tyrants who have been bowled over in this decade. They are a disparate crew: a mystic, a charlatan, a patriot of sorts, a fool, and a crook.

In that order, Mr. Szulc, who knew them all, mows down the late Getulio Vargas of Brazil, Juan Perón of Argentina, Manuel Odría, of Peru, Gustavo Rojas of Colombia, and Pérez Jiménez of Venezuela. They all combined a lust for power with ruthless suppression of civil and political liberties. Yet they were unlike the old-style dictators who played clique against clique and ruled for the sheer pleasure of being top dog. These men felt the new social pressures of the times, and each—in varying ways—tried to capitalize on them.

Vargas presided over vast changes in Brazil and, after he took his own life, a "cult of the cadaver" arose from those who idolized him for his "New Deal," his "Quereismo," and the pension and welfare benefits he actually carried out. Perón had his "humble ones" along with the trade unions he controlled and his fuzzy-minded concepts of "Justicialismo." He also had his wife, Evita, a blonde neurotic who ran one of the world's greatest extortion and giveaway rackets. She distributed some $150 million blackmailed from industry, commerce, trade unions, and individuals—and never gave an accounting.

Odría, an old-line conservative, first put Peru back on its economic feet and then surprised everyone by leaving office when he had promised to. But while in power he pushed through workable labor legislation, built schools and hospitals, and tried to help solve the problems of the destitute and restless Indians living on the Andean slopes. Rojas is in jail after an exemplary trial before the Colombian Senate—the first time such a thing ever happened in South America—but he also tried to ape Perón's giveaway programs; and, had he not been such a vain and pompous fool, might have healed the breach between the civil-warring Conservatives and Liberals. Jiménez offered a "New National Ideal," which was to "transform the physical environment." It was a sort of government solely for economic purposes and it worked at least for him. He got out in 1958 with $250 million from the public till.

These projects and panaceas all attempted to trap the winds of social reform that were stirred up by the depression years and then blew full gale during World War II. Championing new and happier ways of life, the dictators throttled the press and tried—not so successfully—to silence the powerful, border-crossing impact of radio. Posing as anti-Communists, they used the Communist underground as tools and informers against legitimate opposition. Yet, from an historical point of view they may have served useful purposes. The author notes that they ruled during a deeply disturbed transitional period and that by their very suppression and negation of freedom and democracy may have heightened the desire to have them.

In the tradition of *The New York Times*'s foreign correspondents' "club," Szulc accompanies these conclusions with a steady drumbeat of facts that speak for themselves. He seldom raises his voice but he does groan at some facets of U. S. policy and behavior. There is the case, after the Venezuelan revolt in 1958, of the letter found in the offices of the notorious Pedro Estrado, whose secret police killed and tortured thousands who opposed him and the equally despicable Jiménez. Written from Turkey by the former U. S. Ambassador to Venezuela, Fletcher Warren, the message wished Estrado success in putting down the rebels. There is also the spectacle of Dr. Milton Eisenhower's visit to Argentina a few months before Perón was thrown out. By then Perón had brought a fabulously rich country to the edge of bankruptcy, yet we were blithely proposing to give him a $60 million steel mill. There is also the matter of handing out medals (The Legion of Merit to Perón, Odría, and Jiménez) and sundry honors to others with as little right to receive them.

WHEN Latin American nations bestow medals on such a man as General Alfredo Stroessner of faraway Paraguay (the continent's only remaining dictator) it is heralded as a sign of the tolerance of their own regimes. But let the U. S. do so and it seems that the Statue of Liberty has fallen over. It is one of the many things we still have to learn about dealing with people who love politics, play it fiercely, but are finally heading toward sanity and the true tolerance on which democracy must rest. "Twilight of the Tyrants" says let us now provide more help and understanding—and fewer misplaced medals.

In a Decade, the Decline of the Demagogues

Manuel Odria
Peru

Perez Jimenez
Venezuela

Gustavo Rojas Pinilla
Colombia

Getulio Vargas
Brazil

Juan Peron
Argentina

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Fighting Newsman

"Freedom Is My Beat," by Jules Dubois *(Bobbs-Merrill. 296 pp. $3.95), tells how the author managed to become persona non grata in eight countries south of the border—a feat that recently won him the Gold Medal of the Inter-American Press Assn. Harold Lavine has covered developments in Latin America from time to time as senior editor of Newsweek Magazine.*

By Harold Lavine

JULES DUBOIS is a tall, rather tart man, who, simply by doing what comes naturally, has managed to make himself *persona non grata*, at one time or another, in Costa Rica, Guatemala, Argentina, Nicaragua, the Dominican Republic, Colombia, Venezuela, and Cuba. In Costa Rica, in 1948, the Communist-riddled government of President Teodoro Picado twice put him under arrest, and a Communist goon squad whipped him with rifle butts. In Guatemala, in 1954, the equally pro-Communist government of President Jacobo Arbenz arrested him, too; then ordered him to leave the country after first signing a document certifying that his family wouldn't hold it responsible for any injury he might incur on his way out, even a fatal one. A Communist mob attacked him in Panamá in 1951; and in Argentina, in 1952, Dictator Juan Perón's newspaper, *Critica*, welcomed his arrival with this headline: "No. 1 Gangster of Yankee Journalism."

Dictator Gustavo Rojas Pinilla ordered him barred from Colombia in 1953; and Dictator Rafael Leonidas Trujillo Molina expelled him from the Dominican Republic in 1957. In 1956 the late Ramón Marrero Aristy, then editor of Trujillo's newspaper, *La Nación*, challenged him to a duel (but suffered a change of heart when he accepted); and only this year the Cuban Federation of Hotel and Restaurant Workers decreed that its members couldn't serve him. (The order was later amended: waiters can bring him food now, but they are forbidden to accept tips from him.)

Trujillo and the brothers Somoza, who run Nicaragua in tandem, consider him a Communist, while, throughout Latin America, the Communists call him a Nazi, a Fascist, and "a Wall Street imperialist spy."

In "Freedom Is My Beat," Dubois tells what he did to deserve such unpopularity. His book is the story of thirty tumultuous years as a reporter in Latin America (the last twelve for the *Chicago Tribune*). And it's the story, also, of a man who constantly has risked imprisonment and even death, through all those years, to cling to a stubborn, passionate conviction. Unlike so many of the weary young men who today infest American journalism, Dubois has never lost his simple faith that democracy is good, and dictatorship evil, period. A longtime Army Reserve officer, who served with distinction on three fronts in World War II, he nevertheless remains unmoved by the argument that "yes, So-and-So is a dictator, but he's pro-U. S."; a conservative, he nevertheless cannot abide dictatorships of either the Right or the Left.

His coverage of the recent upheaval in Cuba was typical. He made his name anathema to Fulgencio Batista's gunmen by telling how they were looting the country, torturing and murdering anyone who opposed them; and, at the risk of his life, he stole into the Sierra Maestra to interview Fidel Castro's brother, Raul—from a hospital bed in Mayari Arriba, after a nasty jeep accident. Yet, he did not hesitate to report how the Communists were infiltrating Fidel's government nor to criticize his suspension of *habeas corpus* and his refusal to hold elections.

THE reaction of the *Fidelistas* was merely comical. However, there was nothing funny about his arrest in Guatemala in 1954.

Dragged to Security Police Headquarters in Guatemala City, he was "ushered . . . into the office of Mayor Jaime Rosenberg.

"I had never met the man they called the Beria of the Arbenz regime. He was dressed in army uniform, with a .45 in a holster at his waist. He was considerably shorter than I would have imagined him, and with blond hair . . .

"'Sit down!' Rosenberg ordered. I sat on the chair. Rosenberg moved over to the couch, tucked his left shoe under his right leg and settled back. He fondled the holster and his .45. . . ."

Rosenberg ordered Dubois to leave the country. When Dubois refused, "He went to his desk and returned with a transcript of my story to the *Tribune*. He shouted: 'These are lies! Lies!'

"It was all I could do not to call him a raving lunatic.

"He continued to shout: 'Zacapa has not fallen! Chiquimula has not fallen. Lieutenant Rodolfo Yela Barrios is not in the embassy of Panamá!'

"'Major,' I said, 'yesterday Ambassador Rogelio Fabrega of Panamá notified Foreign Minister Toriello that Lieutenant Yela Barrios was at the embassy.'

"Rosenberg was wild with rage.

"'You are an enemy of Guatemala!'"

Fortunately Dubois's story was absolutely correct. And before Rosenberg could do anything more to him, the Arbenz government had collapsed.

When Dubois received the Maria Moore Cabot Gold Medal for Journalism in 1952, the late Carl W. Ackerman, then dean of Columbia University, said, "Dubois is known and respected by journalists everywhere as the leading authority on freedom of the press in this hemisphere." No one who reads "Freedom Is My Beat" will quarrel with the accolade.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

AMERICAN POLITICAL NOVELS

The works listed in Column One below, all written in the last twenty-five years, fall roughly within the classification of the American Political Novel. In some cases the characters listed in Column Two are heroes of the highest merit; in other cases they are demagogues, cell leaders, or just ambitious men. Frank Gemme, of Milford, Connecticut, asks you to unite the characters with the books. Answers on page 38.

1. Shaw: "The Troubled Air"	( ) Willie Stark
2. Steinbeck: "In Dubious Battle"	( ) Frank Skeffington
3. O'Connor: "The Last Hurrah"	( ) Hank Martin
4. Sinclair: "Presidential Agent"	( ) Robert Jordan
5. Lewis: "It Can't Happen Here"	( ) Chuck Crawford
6. O'Hara: "Ten North Frederick"	( ) Clement Archer
7. Farrell: "Yet Other Waters"	( ) Jim Nolan
8. Warren: "All the King's Men"	( ) Paul Drummond
9. Hemingway: "For Whom the Bell Tolls"	( ) Lanny Budd
10. Dos Passos: "Number One"	( ) Jimmy Race
11. Gallico: "Trial by Terror"	( ) Doremus Jessup
12. Langley: "A Lion Is in the Streets"	( ) Joe Chapin

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What Kind of Competition with the USSR?

IN Moscow one evening, on the steps of the Bolshoi Theatre during an intermission, I met an American who had been prominently identified as a Soviet supporter over the years. This was his first visit to the Soviet Union. There was a certain restraint in his response when I asked him about his impressions. He appeared far less enthusiastic than his pronouncements over the years would seem to have promised. I pressed him politely for particulars; he mentioned something about living conditions but was otherwise guarded in his comments.

Exactly the opposite occurred the following day when I met a group of Governors from the United States in the dining room of the Sovietskaya Hotel. Most of them were Republican. The general opinion seemed to be that conditions in the Soviet Union were far better than they had expected. Indeed, some expressed their surprise at the evidence of progress in construction, transportation, production, distribution, and living standards in general.

The juxtaposition of these reactions—apparent reserve from a long-time advocate who was now measuring his visions against the reality, and a sense of pleasant surprise from political conservatives who were now measuring their preconceptions against visible achievement—this juxtaposition is one of the interesting current by-products of the large-scale visitation of Americans to the Soviet Union. The disparity in judgments is the result not so much of a lack of objective standards as it is of the profusion of subjective yardsticks that are being applied. Some Marxist Utopians, no doubt, expected that the Soviet Union in its forty years would have been able to fashion an egalitarian society or at least the general design for one. Instead, they found considerable inequality. Millions of people are still wretchedly housed. Writers, professors, scientists, artists, dancers, and factory managers, occupy a high economic and social station. The total society is not without its distinctions in status. Money is still important. Money earns interest. All this has taken some of the decibels out of the long-term acclaimers.

CONTRARIWISE, most conservatives expected to find a people struggling for bare subsistence, worshipping in secret, and waiting only for the opening or the signal that would cause them to revolt against their oppressors. Instead, they found people working at their jobs, shopping for television sets, refrigerators, electric razors, hair-curlers, and toy electric trains. They found public libraries with copies of *Business Week, The Texas Ranger, The Saturday Evening Post,* and the *Saturday Review,* among hundreds of other American periodicals. They saw crowded streets and highways with automobiles that resembled Fords, Buicks, and Packards. They found churches in which babies were being baptized and adults were taking part in religious rituals. They found hundreds of new housing projects just completed or under construction, utilizing advanced methods of pre-fabrication. They found attractive vacation places and health resorts—hundreds of them—in which average people were frolicking or just sitting back in beach chairs passing the time of day. Most of all, they found that the people liked their government and were genuinely enthusiastic about their national prospects.

It is not necessary to determine which of these two groups is wrong. Both are right, in a real sense. The situation in the Soviet Union is far from being as glorious as the diehard supporters had advertised at a distance; but neither is it as dismal as the American public had come to believe. Measured by most European standards, the living conditions are not too far out of line. Measured by Asian or African standards, however, the living conditions and economic achievements are solidly impressive, which is perhaps one reason why the Soviet government has been making such strenuous efforts to attract delegations from both of these continents.

What counts most, however, is not the situation as it stands today but the way it is moving and what it is likely to be five or ten years from now. Here, we face the bulging fact that the Soviet government is embarked on a high-production program that, in its own view, will raise prodigiously the average standard of living in from seven to ten years. It would be unsound to write this off as a propaganda boast. The gains in the past three years alone have been substantial enough to warrant the view that the new program is attainable.

Soviet leaders were frank, in their discussions with me, to say that they believed they could come before the world a decade from now and point to the superiority of their system by doing better than the United States those things that the United States has always believed it was uniquely qualified to do. In fine, they are willing to accept our own yardsticks to determine which economic system can bring the greatest gains to its people.

WE can respond best to this challenge by saying that the United States will not be made unhappy by the ability of any government to give its people more and more of the good things of life. Indeed, we are deeply pleased if the economic welfare of the average American is something any nation would like to achieve or surpass for its own people.

At the same time, we can make clear that we intend to measure the worth of our society not just by our standard of living but by our ability to contribute to the cause of a durable peace, to the cause of independence for all peoples from outside rule, to the cause of an interdependent human community, to the cause of the fullest possible development of the world's resources for the world's good, and to the cause of a sane society among men.

N.C.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

THE AUTHOR OBJECTS

FOR THE RECORD, I have never before written to any periodical objecting to a review of any of my books, which, among them, have collected a distinguished record of unfavorable reviews. I break my eight-year-old rule to say that I charge your reviewer, History Professor Massimo Salvadori, with a sneaky effort to discredit my book without cause [*SR*, Oct. 10]. I refer to his statement: "Mr. Buckley finds liberalism a web of errors and evils and advocates moving 'up' to a conservative position best defined perhaps through his admiration for Senator Joseph McCarthy." Senator McCarthy, to begin with, did not have a position, or if he did I am not aware of it, on the matters I deal with in "Up From Liberalism." Senator McCarthy's only developed position had to do with government policy on security risks, which I dealt with at length and in detail, in another book, and did not mention in this book. My references to Senator McCarthy in my current book centered on the historical fact that "Senator McCarthy . . . brought Liberalism to a boil. The controversies in which [he] was engaged [however], have no relevance whatever to what follows [in this book], whose meaning is the same for those who hated, and those who loved McCarthy. It is not necessary to have a commitment to any particular cosmology to enter into a spirited discussion of the political and intellectual controversy touched off by Galileo: unnecessary to believe or disbelieve what Socrates was teaching the youth of Athens, in order to believe or disbelieve that the Court did him justice." However one felt about the McCarthy controversies, I concluded, "those years are a cornucopia for the sociologist doing research for a Middletown on American Liberalism" (page 8, in my book).

In the teeth of this, Professor Salvadori makes his attempt to dismiss my book by identifying its objectives with those of a man whose name the professor counts upon to freeze his readers' blood. It is not uncommon to reply to such provocations along the lines: "If Reviewer X can substantiate his charges by quotations from my book I will give him one thousand dollars." But I go further. Throwing caution to the wind, I say, if Professor Salvadori can document his statement from *my* book, I shall call him a scholar and a gentleman.

WM. F. BUCKLEY, JR.

New York, N. Y.

THE REVIEWER REPLIES

SINCE THE NAME of Joseph McCarthy appears far more often than any other in Mr. Buckley's "Up From Liberalism," it is surprising that the author considers the late Senator's position to be irrelevant to the subject matter of his book.

Mr. Buckley's attitude towards future crises, both internal and external, will show if his stand is, or is not—as I maintain—compatible with the survival of free institutions.

MASSIMO SALVADORI.

Northampton, Mass.

"You mean to say that with an I.Q. like yours you didn't know the show was rigged?"

ANIMATED INANIMATES

RICHARD WINKLER'S observations [*SR*, Oct. 17] sounded a familiar chord. The fallacy of supposing so-called inanimate objects to be really inanimate was exhaustively investigated by the German writer and philosopher-of-a-sort, Friedrich Theodor Vischer (1807-1887). It was he who developed the theory of the "Tuecke des Objektes" (maliciousness of the inanimate), a term which has become a household word in German usage. He even built a philosophical structure on his "discovery," which he epitomized in his novel "Auch Einer" (1878).

ALFRED E. REICHENBERGER.

Deansboro, N. Y.

FADIMAN-LED FLOP

WITH THE ONE EXCEPTION of the small and half-buried essay by Dr. Lou LaBrant, your great Educational Survey [*SR*, Sept. 12] was a most disappointing flop, led by that epitome of mediocrity, Dr. Clifton Fadiman.

He seems unaware that the environment of each and every one of us has changed radically within the past twenty-five years; yes, within the past five years. In his day we were in an environment essentially semiprovincial and, at most, narrowly nationalistic. Today, we live in a Total Environment of One World. Towards this much larger, infinitely complex environment our educational system must respond with depth of vision. Otherwise we all are lost: not only emotionally and intellectually, but physically as well, in the holocaust that will climax the current chaos, if we do not find new directions and high social goals.

The only philosophy of education taking this viewpoint is Reconstructionism. Its leader is Dr. Theodore Brameld.

PHILIP HENSEL.

Cleveland, O.

APOLOGY DEMANDED

THE FADIMAN FIASCO is an intolerable indiscretion that demands a full editorial apology!

D. R. CLARK.

Portland, Ore.

VAN DOREN OR VIOLENCE?

THE VALUE SYSTEM which pays for a full-dress investigation of TV Quiz shows (on which no one was defrauded of anything), and minimizes the effect of the daily do-it-yourself lessons in violence given by the industry through their choice of films, is disquieting.

It's possible that one of the main temptations to Mr. Van Doren was to present the unlikely spectacle, to a materialistic public, of knowledge "paying off" in the only terms they respect: hard cash and publicity.

BARBARA MUNCY.

Berkeley, Calif.

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

The Miracle of Work

WILLIAM GIBSON'S new play, **"The Miracle Worker"** is forceful theatre. Its story is honest, its impact is direct, and its concentration on the hard realities that underlie a sentimental result reaches an extraordinary intensity. The basic story, taken from the actual facts of Helen Keller's childhood experiences with her teacher, Annie Sullivan, is simple. A young Irish girl from Boston is hired by a Southern family to take care of one of their children. The child, Helen, is blind, deaf, and dumb, and up to this point has lived like a pathetic wild animal whom the parents love but cannot housebreak. All they ask of Miss Sullivan is to keep her out of harm and perhaps find ways of pacifying her. But Miss Sullivan, once having been blind herself, has a heightened respect for the riches of life and particularly for the universe of ideas made possible to humans only by the use of language. At the peril of her job, she stubbornly insists upon being allowed to accomplish what everyone else has assumed to be a hopeless task.

"The Miracle Worker" might have succeeded if it had been no more than a fascinating clinical record of what must be done to teach a deprived child to use a sign language, and a salute to the will power and courage of Miss Sullivan. But what lifts this play above the run-of-the-mill hit is the constant challenge it presents to all parents who under the impulse of love and pity settle for less than the maximum development of their children's capacities for independence and contact with the glories of living. By taking an extreme case, Mr. Gibson has dramatized what happens less markedly in average families.

The Helen we meet at the beginning of the play is about ten times as tense, frustrated, and high-strung as a normal problem child. Her method of getting love, candy, and other rewards is by making a violent nuisance of herself. The only thing that will awaken her parents to the necessity of action is such a homicidal event as the callous tossing of her baby sister from the cradle onto the floor. Then we see the difference between their approach and that of a good teacher. Miss Sullivan unselfishly makes her first contact with her student a rough and testing one. She plunks her suitcase down next to the child, lets her feel it and her, and tries in turn to touch Helen's arm, only to find that this causes the child to recoil in mistrust. Patiently, Miss Sullivan waits for Helen to try to open the suitcase. When she does, Miss Sullivan raises her hand to indicate that she will open it upstairs. Helen starts dragging the suitcase to the stairs, and when Annie tries to help her, fiercely slaps her hand away. There in a nutshell we have it: a teacher with a thirst to know her student and a student who responds not with dependent snuggling, but with unsentimental suspicion, strong will, and a vital curiosity. The barriers are still there, but on one side of them is the determination of the teacher, and on the other the capacity of the student. That it should take a miracle for the barriers to be swept away by such strong forces is a condemnation of human impatience. As Annie points out, giving up is her idea of the original sin.

Throughout the play one is reminded of Shaw's "Saint Joan." As in that play we have an untried girl fighting conventional forces and disbelief in order to be allowed to perform a miracle. Furthermore, the source of her own belief is the voices that come to her in her moments of despair. In "Saint Joan" the voices were not heard by anyone except Joan. But in "The Miracle Worker" Mr. Gibson has allowed us to hear them softly spoken over a loud-speaker. They are not the voices of saints, but of her own past experience. During the performance they seem somewhat intrusive and confusing. Yet afterwards one is glad that they were included, for they make Annie a more interesting character, and reveal how the seemingly dead past can vitalize the present.

And just as Siobhan McKenna showed us that "Saint Joan" was really an Irish play, so does Anne Bancroft, who plays Miss Sullivan, thrive on Irish obstinacy and green homespun humor. It is to this remarkable young actress's credit that although born of Italian ancestry, she has in two Broadway appearances impressed us first as a "typical" Jewish girl in "Two for the Seesaw," and now as a "typical" Irish girl in "The Miracle Worker." The secret may be her extraordinary spontaneity which when combined with specific external dialogue and manners, makes it all seem "natural." Beyond this considerable accomplishment, Miss Bancroft has an amazing talent for onstage concentration and a willingness to work disciplinedly and hard. This is equally so of Patty Duke, who plays Helen. Thus, the scene in which Annie teaches her unwilling pupil to eat with a spoon and fold her napkin is not simply an illustration, but rather a real knock-down, drag-out battle between two very determined people. While its extent and detail are amusing the utter concentration of the two struggling actresses is such that we are held and thrilled by a battle in which both parties are using full physical energy. Director Arthur Penn has not only encouraged great performances from his two principals, but has also staged the rest of the play nicely. Perhaps Patricia Neal as Helen's adoring mother weeps a little too much, but it is in character. Torin Thatcher's portrayal of the stern father is sound, and James Congdon, as the irresponsible son who first ridicules Annie and then rises to responsibility by defending her, is convincingly complex. With the help of some lovely backlighting by designer George Jenkins and some charming costumes by Ruth Morley, Mr. Penn has arrived at many ingenious stage pictures that capture the mood of the nineteenth-century South.

The only important flaw in the new season's best piece of serious theatre is Mr. Gibson's giving in to the impulse of allowing a sentimental line about love to follow a stirring climax to his play. Fortunately we can overlook this as a sop to convention. For the rest of the evening has already challenged us too deeply to be negated.

IN London **"Flowering Cherry"** with Sir Ralph Richardson in the title role seemed touching and provocative. Richard Bolt's play told the story of a man who could not reconcile his dream existence with his real one, and of his wife who was willing to do anything to get him to lead a real life with her, but pushes him past the breaking point by making him face his dream. In New York the play is somewhat altered and Eric Portman plays the leading role opposite Wendy Hiller. Mr. Portman is fine when Mr. Cherry must be angry or grandiose, but in the all-important moments when we must sympathize with his torment, he slips into stock melodrama. The result is a barren "Cherry." —HENRY HEWES.

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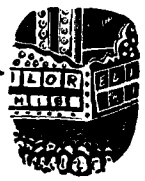

SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

The Summer Lovers

CAN DIVORCE bring happiness? Should a woman leave her alcoholic husband of twenty years for a former lover who is now married, rich, and the father of a pretty teen-age daughter? Should teen-age lovers marry if their romance blooms into pregnancy? Can children forgive adulterous parents? Is sex which is not blessed by the bonds of matrimony beautiful or sinful? These questions are explored, but not very deeply, in **"A Summer Place,"** a movie produced, written, and directed by Delmer Daves; the film is based on the Sloan Wilson novel. Mr. Daves has put on a brilliant display of triple-threat energy, and has come up with a visually pretty picture that runs better than two hours, and it is rather a shame that the picture-postcard world presented to us is blighted by that damnable sexual instinct.

To exclusive Pine Island, off the coast of Maine, comes a trim yacht bearing Ken and Helen Jorgenson, and their daughter Molly. Jorgenson (Richard Egan) was once the lifeguard at the island, and during twenty intervening years he has made a million dollars. On the island are Bart and Sylvia Hunter and their son Johnny. Bart (Arthur Kennedy) is the scion of a once wealthy Pine Island family, but he is now reduced to renting out his home as a summer place to paying guests—notably the Jorgensons. Before ten minutes have elapsed the members of the above sextet are hopelessly involved with each other, and I will do the best I can to disentangle the various relationships.

1) Sylvia Hunter (Dorothy McGuire) and Ken Jorgenson were lovers during his lifeguard days. They now find they have married the wrong people, and that they have been suffering ever since. They try to repair their mistake by nightly trysts in the boathouse.

2) Young Molly Jorgenson (Sandra Dee) and Johnny Hunter (Troy Donahue) take to each other like ducks, kiss innocently in the moonlight, and go from bad to bed, beautifully accompanied on the soundtrack, it must be said, by Max Steiner's mood music.

3) Helen Jorgenson (Constance Ford) spies on her errant husband and on her at-first innocent daughter, keeps to a separate, sexless bed, and then makes a messy scandal which results in two divorces, the remarriage of the adulterers, and a severe problem for the kids in maintaining close contact.

4) Bart Hunter, willing to forgive and forget, is told unceremoniously by his wife to mind his own business, then alone on Pine Island, he drinks himself into an attack of bleeding ulcers.

The questions the movie raises are answered in the following manner:

Yes, divorce can bring happiness, but only for the guilty. Thus Ken Jorgenson and Sylvia Hunter are able to marry and live nicely in a Frank Lloyd Wright house on the Sound. Which Sound—whether Puget, Long Island, or some other—is not made clear.

Yes, a woman should definitely leave her alcoholic husband for her former lover. The facts that the husband is sick, a failure, broke, and the father of her son should not sway her.

Yes, teen-age lovers, faced with the problem of the girl's pregnancy, should marry, if they can collect their dispersed parents and win their understanding and consent. They should then leave school and live on Pine Island.

Yes, teenagers can forgive their wayward parents, especially if they first manage to get into trouble themselves.

The last question raised in the first paragraph (and the movie) is the puzzler. On fairly certain ground where the other questions are concerned, the movie becomes muddled on the problem of sex. One may gather from the dialogue and the reactions of the principal players that sex is good, but that it can be bad, that young and old should not altogether restrain their physical feelings, but that they must watch out for consequences. Perhaps the answer is that sex is good-bad. And, as Ken Jorgenson expresses it at the end, there's not much that can't be helped by love and a sense of humor. Some of the latter might certainly have helped the movie, in which Constance Ford and Arthur Kennedy are the best of a distraught group of actors. One other complaint: Sandra Dee, it seemed to me, wore too much lipstick.

* * *

There will always be an England and there will always be English Service comedies, perhaps because the spectacle of a British civilian being turned into a British soldier strikes them over there as terribly funny. In **"Carry On Sergeant,"** William Hartnell plays his familiar platoon sergeant and the story tells of how he whips a bunch of impossible trainees into a model platoon. Not terribly funny.

—Hollis Alpert.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Simionato in "Trovatore" at the Met.

WERE the Metropolitan Opera conducted on the Chinese rather than the American plan, the year just begun might be known as "The Season of the Six New Productions." Adding to the opening "Trovatore" and the succeeding "Nozze di Figaro" the still-to-come "Gypsy Baron," "Fidelio," "Tristan" and "Simon Boccanegra" provide an even larger budget of fresh effort than the late Edward Johnson undertook in re-staging the "Ring" and putting on "Peter Grimes" in the same season.

However the bounteous prospect seemed a little less bounteous after the curtain had both risen and fallen on the Stella-Simionato-Bergonzi-Warren "Trovatore." For this Motley (Big M, please) version of "Trovatore," while reasonably tasteful, also struck the eye as somewhat flimsy and insubstantial. Possibly it will travel well, which is desirable for road purposes in a work of "Trovatore's" tour appeal. But the focal point of such endeavor must, after all, be the home stage itself, and there is some suggestion here that the season's quantity of newness may be bought at the price of quality.

From the vari-colored forecurtain to the last rather pleasant dungeon scene, the Motley "Trovatore" suggests a theatrical costume play rather than surroundings for an operatic production. It is not easy to make such a differentiation without implying that an operatic production should not also be theatrical. The Berman "Don Giovanni" and "Rigoletto," the Gerard "Perichole," "Fledermaus" and "Don Carlo" certainly qualify for the one description as well as the other. But this "Trovatore" lacks the sturdiness and substance that comes from set pieces or solid construction, being done largely on drops and "flats." Among Rudolf Bing's half-dozen endeavors with fresh staging of works by Verdi this may be ranked in the upper lower bracket, or perhaps in the lower upper bracket, well short of the most distinguished if as well superior to the least (the hardly forgettable "Ernani").

As a choice for an opening night opera, "Trovatore" has been so little a "natural," that it has been by-passed on every one of the seventy-four preceding occasions. Perhaps the most that can be said for it in this connection is that it enables the management to get in its own "Anvil Chorus" before the critics get to theirs. Otherwise, it has little gayety and less spectacle (there were a few ballet girls capering in the scene of the gypsy camp, which takes place at dawn, when hardly anyone would be inclined to trip the fantastic, light or heavy). Motley clearly endeavored to relieve some of the persistent melodic gloom with splashes of color in the costuming, which, so far as the ensemble is concerned, came off well. But some of that for the principals was ornate and over-elaborate for purposes of being sung in (especially the trailing millinery provided for Leonora, and the plumes and baggy uniform of di Luna in the battle scene). This is one specific respect in which designing for the opera stage imposes considerations not met with in the theatre.

As befits the character of the gypsy hag, Azucena wore the same rags throughout, in contrast to the numerous costume changes provided for Leonora. Fortunately, however, they are together on the stage for only a brief few moments, and that just before the fall of the final curtain. Thus it is a fair supposition that for more than a few in the opening night audience they never did appear together. The reason, of course, is that each is concerned with a different aspect of the total story line—Leonora has no more to do with the gypsy theme than Azucena has with the romantic rivalry of Manrico and di Luna—meaning that, in effect, there are two operas going on alternately.

For this evening, at least, the more absorbing was the one about the gypsy, thanks to Giulietta Simionato's striking Azucena in her (belated) Metropolitan debut. If the performance sometimes blew cold (perhaps chilled by the snow-topped mountains of Spain depicted in a rather persistent back drop), it blazed to fullheat in the moments in which Simionato applied her arsenal of vocal fire and her palette of tonal colors to the molten materials of Verdi. The "break" in her voice comes around A and B which is disadvantageous for "Stride la vampa" (which centers around those tones) but the compensation for this is a solid bottom down to A and a top A (she can go to C) which many sopranos would envy. More than mere vocal firepower is at the diminutive Simionato's command: an arching sense of line, a pointed thrust for the words she deems important, even a command of pose and gesture. For the kind of audience for which she performed, the response (if localized) was close to tempestuous, a happy sign for her further career in New York.

Simionato had the most seemly assistance from Warren, whose mighty voice, like a famous other phenomenon of nature, just keeps rolling along. He managed to make an impressive figure of the Count despite some costuming that was close to disfiguring, and a disposition to play with line and nuance in "Il Balen." But in the big ensembles he was a rocksteady support for the whole, and in his scene with Azucena, a figure of strong contrast.

In terms of voice alone, there was no reason why Bergonzi's Manrico should not be on a similar high level: he has the lyric span for "Ah si ben mio" as well as the forceful top for "Di qualla pira" (no common combination). But he has not yet acclimated himself to high pressure competition of the Simionato-Warren sort, and flinches—dramatically—when exposed to such cross fire. As for Stella's Leonora, she sings it more or less like everything else: with a broad lower sound, and a strenuous attack on the top. For a soprano who looks as well as she does, and moves about easily, Stella doesn't quite pass the quality test for admission to top bracket singing. There is a strain of coarseness, a lack of refinement in her total effort which bars her from inclusion among the best. Some excellent sound was heard from William Wilderman as Ferrando. How much effort Herbert Graf applied to this "staging" is hard to say, but it was strikingly conventional, full of operatic cliches (including choruses swaying in opposite directions), and really quite dull. Fausto Cleva conducted as one to the outbuildings, rather than the manor born.

IF ITALY has its I Musici, Virtuosi di Roma and Stuttgart has its Münchinger ensemble, why cannot Switzerland have a string ensemble to represent its Lucerne Festival? The answer is, of course, that it has, as was demonstrated in Town Hall late in October. What it does not have is the kind of literature that provides a focus, even a reason for being, of the ensembles mentioned. Rather it borrows from both sides of its Alpine source to make up a program of Vivaldi (A major concerto), Bach (E major violin concerto, double concerto in D Minor, and Cantata No. 202) and Hindemith (five pieces for string orchestra). On the whole, the thirteen players—four firsts, three seconds, two each of violas and cellos, a bass and cembalo—were at their best in the Hindemith. This is not because the composer has recently been a resident

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of Switzerland, but rather because the strong attack and vigorous style of the players found its most congenial outline in his writing.

Otherwise the evening was marked by the solo appearances of Wolfgang Schneiderhan, as soloist in the Bach concerto (the group's concertmaster Rudolf Baumgartner was his partner in the double concerto) and of Mrs. Schneiderhan—more widely known as Irmgard Seefried—as soprano soloist in the "Weichet nur" cantata of Bach. Both performers tend more to refinement than they do to warmth of sound or strength of communication. This was no surprise in the case of Schneiderhan, who is a very efficient performer of no real personality, but rather more so with Seefried. Her sound is considerably less fluent and meaningful than it used to be, the compensations of insight hardly sufficing. Harry Shulman was the excellent (local) oboist.

IT is always a pleasure to hear Hephzibah Menuhin play the piano, even if it means, as well, listening to Yehudi Menuhin play the violin, which is not always a pleasure. Their reappearance in a Carnegie Hall sonata recital after a lapse of twelve years left little doubt that she is one of the substantial piano talents of our time, whose possible career has been foreshortened by her own preference for domesticity. She performed with fine tonal quality and rare understanding as pianist in the D minor Sonata of Brahms and the Bartok No. 1. Her more celebrated associate showed his best qualities of thought and musicianship in the Bartok, the other works being consistently marred by uncertainties of execution, especially in tone.

Earlier in the week tonal power flowed in abundance from the Stradivarius of Jaime Laredo, the Bolivian-born winner of the Queen Elisabeth of Belgium competition last May, who made his New York debut on the same platform. At eighteen, Laredo is an oldster by the measure of the age at which Menuhin started playing in New York, but his is a beautifully functioning violinistic mechanism, guided by a warmly musical nature and obvious gifts of communication. What is presently lacking in his concert hall performance of Vivaldi (A major Sonata), Bach (E major Unaccompanied Partita), and Brahms (the same—what again!—D minor Sonata) is poise, stability, perhaps even introspection: all qualities which can be acquired. What Laredo possesses, in addition to a singularly solid way of playing the instrument, are those invaluable traits of pulsing individuality which can neither be taught nor fabricated.

—IRVING KOLODIN

BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

Anniversary in the Atlantic

HAMILTON, BERMUDA

THE presence here of a sex-minded murderer who has so far struck three times and is still at large has added a certain spice to the fall season in this regulated mid-ocean isle, which normally is orderly to the point of blandness. What with cab drivers taking visitors out to see the scene of one of the beach-front crimes, the refusal of the F.B.I. to involve itself on foreign territory, and the ultimate arrival here of a posse from Scotland Yard, one can scarcely help but recall the celebrated bludgeoning of Sir Harry Oakes in Nassau during the governmental reign in that Bahamian dell during the Forties of the Duke and Duchess of Windsor. While there are similarities, particularly in the luridity of the crimes, happening as they have on British vacation isles, Nassau has always been almost rakish by Bermuda standards. But the effect in this venerable Colony of such sensationalism has rather been like shaking half a dozen drops of Tabasco onto a cup of junket.

Beyond the idle chatter of the cabbies, and the continuing black headlines of the local press, there would be little to indicate that any unrest has ruffled the warm air that still settles over the trig little Bermuda houses with their white-stepped roofs. Gone of course are the carriages, and the bustling little English cars that have taken their place have adopted fringed-top canopies that are remindful of the leisurely surreys that clopped over the roads as recently as the early postwar years. The airport, I'm happy to say, is a vast improvement over the makeshift warehouse I remember from my trips here a few years back. Baggage is placed under letters for customs examination, in businesslike Bermuda style. Indeed, the organizational arms of this island reached all the way to Idlewild Airport in Queens when, for the first time in my flying memory, we were dispatched to the tarmac by the representatives of Bermuda's own Eagle Airlines, in ones and twos, in the order in which our seats had been assigned. There was, therefore, none of the usual jumble and crush inside the cabin, and I for one am thankful for this perfectly obvious *raffinement*. While Eagle covered the distance across the Atlantic in scarcely more than two hours with its British-built prop-jet Viscount, first class passengers—seated two by two, facing each other across collapsible tables—were kept amused with a cold buffet served on Royal Doulton chinaware laid, as it was, on damask table cloths. In the main cabin, however, all seats faced the rear, a safety factor employed according to British theory, which anticipates that in case of mishaps on landing or take-off inertia would force the passenger backwards into the cushion of his seat rather than forwards against the seat belt.

IT was something of a surprise to find this island jammed to its coral walls in the middle of autumn. We were billeted in a guest house in Paget which, with its informal service, its large spendthrift public rooms, and its brow-mopping, apologetic, English-accented manageress recently down from London, reminded me of nothing so much as a middle-class English resort hotel in a J. Arthur Rank gong-bonging production. In recounting the lobsters, the beach, the impeccable service for which several of the other (and to my mind preferable) accommodations are celebrated, my cab driver assuaged my distraction at finding myself installed in this particular cote, by assuring me that Hembley's—I'll call it that—was island-famous, if not internationally so, for its iced tea.

Sunday bloomed sunny and warm and under the shade of a fringe-topped motorized surrey we jugged out along the curving, fishhooked arm of Bermuda past Darrell's Island, crowned with the hulking hangar that was first put up to house the old prewar BOAC flying boats, which then became a wartime nest for the R.A.F., and which ultimately was taken over by film and television

—Bermuda News Bureau

Bermuda Beach—in the trees, English sparrows, in the shops, French brocade.

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companies. Philip Wylie's "Crunch and Des" series was filmed here and an English company used it during the Bermuda filming of "Admirable Crichton." Cyclists rolled along the path that marks the old railroad right of way. The tracks are long since gone and the train itself is working these days in British Guiana.

Mirrors placed along the road for the use of motorists emerging from sideroads, caught the sun and sent silvery shafts into the bright daylight. Sleeping hibiscus hung on roadside bushes where Bermudians point to them and call them Scotchmen's Purse because they never open. Wreck Road led up to Wreck Hill where evildoers planted false signals to lure unsuspecting ship's captains. We scudded over the world's smallest drawbridge, arched like an angry cat. When sailboats come through some helpful bystander is prevailed upon to lift the center board of the bridge so the mast can slither through. Out in the crook of the curving land lies Whale Island where whalers brought their blubber to be boiled down to oil. There are no whalers now, but there are rich homeowners from the U.S. and Canada who have hideaways here. One, nearby, is called Sky High because that is what the owner thought the construction cost was.

BUILT-UP Bermuda, unlike the isles to the south, is involved in no building boom. The arrival recently of the new Lantana, therefore, has been something of an event out here. Its cedar-trimmed cottages of pink coral, all of them air-conditioned, bear such resorty names as Cortina, Capri, Estoril, and Monaco. Luncheon is fetched by truck from the main house down to the poolside, where guests sit under umbrellas and contemplate the expanse of Great Sound which is otherwise available for swimming and sailing. At night there is dancing on a flying terrace which is in reality the roof of the porte cochère, an elegant archway, really, where swans slide alongside the arriving Jaguars.

For those who come as trippers to Sandy's Parish, or who journey out from Lantana, there is the tea house called Belfield's, ensconced in a 250-year-old house. Here in this corner of transplanted England, it dispenses lunch and tea and sells gifts every day except Sunday and specializes in such English memories as a custard, whipped-cream, and raisin-cake goo called a trifle, or syllabub, which is flavored with guava jelly and sherry. Down the road past the mixed leaves of a helter-skelter hedge called Match Me If You Can, is the Irish Linen Shop which invites honeymooners, their fists full of wedding-gift money, to cross the threshold of its Chinese Moongate and make a wish.

One of Bermuda's most idyllic retreats, it seems to me, is the collection of twenty-five cottages, known as Cambridge Beaches, which are strung out for some thirty-five sea-lapped acres around a 250-year-old mansion house. The acreage covers a narrowing spit of land and is spotted with dozens of tiny beaches and coves. Angel fish and yellow grunts, sergeant majors and little squirrel fish play under the dock that runs out from the main beach on Mangrove Bay where Washington's ships waited for powder and shot that was being stolen for his use from the stores far up the island at St. George's. Sailboats and yachts, motorboats and water skiers share the water with the tropical fish. If the main Mangrove Bay beach gets too windy one has merely to climb the few steps over the ridge line and try another beach on the Atlantic side.

OLD hewn-cedar timbers hold up the white plaster ceiling in the dining room at Cambridge Beaches, but most days the guests are gathered under the tamarisk trees, having their meals on tables of teak reclaimed from the HMS Ajax hit in the battle of the River Plate in 1939. Sparrows, English ones of course, twitter in the trees and share the air on Sundays with a calypso aggregation that plays for the buffet dinners. The cottages differ in size and type and are spread, as I have indicated, over the roling land. Windswept Cottage will take two couples at $84 a day for everything and everybody; Longtail with its Dutch door, and studio bedroom, bath and dressing room is $34 a day for two or $22 for one, meals included. Cedar crackles in the fireplace of the Mixing Bowl in winter, and on the broad ter-

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race with its view of Long Bay Beach, night-blooming cereus climbs green and possessive around the trunks of other cedars long dead of the blight and gray with the wind off the sea.

I was somewhat surprised to learn that Sir Howard Trott is the owner of Cambridge Beaches, although perhaps I shouldn't have been. It has long been a legend, however grossly exaggerated, that the Trotts and the Triminghams have between them more or less split up the island. My surprise was compounded when I learned later that Polly Hornburg, who has opened a stunning shop called Calypso in Hamilton, is Sir Howard's daughter. Having never been enthused about Bermuda's run-of-the-mill tweed and cashmere merchandise on previous explorations, I was delighted to find Mrs. Hornburg's taste running to Siamese silks and silk brocade slacks from France in striking yellows, sewn on the premises. Calypso also maintains an express service and will make dresses today for parties being held tonight. As for the Triminghams they are, I'm happy to report, still in business, and I found myself, quite by chance, being waited on by a Mr. Trimingham in person (the Trotts were not in evidence at their holdings), a handsome purveyor of haberdashery done up in striped Brooksy button-down and regimental striped tie above the border, and in Bermuda shorts and long socks to the south. Daks of doeskin are an exclusive with Trimingham's, Mr. Trimingham said, and cost $31. They are seven dollars less in tropical worsted and a Daks tropical worsted suit comes to a flat $75. The traditional blue blazers are $45 (Calypso has them in cashmere by Altmann of Austria at $75), and the latest notion is jackets of faded tartans at $46, guaranteed to have been inspired by weathered originals. The hard weather and the tight purses in Tartanland have combined to make faded tartans stylish.

This being the 350th anniversary of Bermuda, I thought the least we could do was look in at St. George's, the old town where English life began rather accidentally in 1609. I say English life, because Juan de Bermudez, sailing for Spain, came long before and dropped not only his anchor but his name. And Samuel de Champlain, nine years before he got around to Lake Champlain, cruised through the islands. While Champlain was busy in 1609 in what was to become New York State, Sir George Somers in his supply ship bound for the Jamestown Colony was wrecked on the Bermuda reefs. He came ashore with a party of 150 and claimed the islands for Britain. Boats were built in Bermuda and they sailed for Virginia less than a year later, but St. George's soon began to grow and as its forts and its winding lanes appeared it became known as the Gibraltar of the Atlantic.

Swing Bridge, which is swung by hand, is the gateway to the old town where the houses huddle close to the roads and the overhanging balconies sometimes get in the way of an oversize truck. St. George's has been described as a Williamsburg without a Rockefeller. It has, it is true, an old stock in which tourists can be photographed; it has tiny streets with such fey names as Featherbed Alley and Old Maid's Lane; and it has an old print shop which houses a seal of the Confederate States of America, some old maps which are for sale, and a rickety press which can be operated by the visitor at the cost of a quarter. The price includes a listing in the *Royal Gazette*, a Bermuda newspaper which bothers to print a list of those who bother to operate the old press. Next door is the home of the Gleeson Dolls, little handmade figurines fashioned of palm fronds, coconut husks, and palmetto and banana leaves. Around the corner on the Duke of Kent St. stands the historical museum which is the repository of a famous letter, written by Washington to the people of Bermuda thanking them for the gun powder they stole in support of his cause. Bermudians didn't side with the Revolutionists. The embargo placed by the Americans had left the island hungry. The governor was loyal to Britain, but nonetheless a delegation was dispatched to Philadelphia offering to sell salt to the rebelling colonies in exchange for a lifting of the embargo. The Continental Congress was much more interested in powder than salt, and a month after the return of Tucker's delegation a hundred kegs of powder were put aboard boats waiting at Tobacco Bay.

I TOOK a drive over to Tobacco Bay the other day, and it is a delightful cove with a little beach caressed by turquoise water. In one corner a fisherman had cordoned off a bit of the blue with nets and floats. In the crib swam scores of jackfish. He had captured them days before and was now selling them off as the market called for them, peddling them in a little British station wagon that waited on the road, its doors open and its back end filled with jack. The fishwife waited while the fisherman clomped down the hill in his boots to get his conch shell. Then they would be off to St. George's to blow the conch up and down the old alleys announcing the arrival of the jacks only lately fished out of turquoise Tobacco Bay. It was a lovely scene that I have never seen in a Bermuda ad, and I was happy to discover that Bermuda isn't only short pants, long socks, bicycles, and fat moons shining on white dinner jackets. —Horace Sutton

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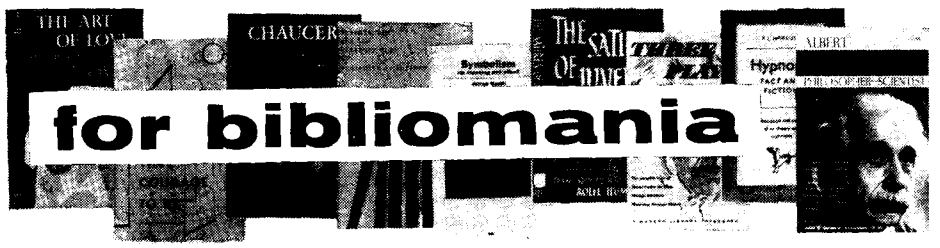

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Architecturally Successful But the Paintings Died

By Katherine Kuh, *Art Editor, Saturday Review*

THOUGH the phrase "form follows function" appears often in connection with contemporary architecture and design, two controversial new buildings by two renowned modern architects firmly deny this credo. I refer to the late Frank Lloyd Wright's Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum in New York and to Ludwig Miës van der Rohe's soaring Cullinan Hall, an addition to the Museum of Fine Arts in Houston. Both structures, competing frankly with the works of art that they house, pose a familiar dilemma. The question is clear, the answer uncertain—for where is that tenuous line to be drawn between legitimate architectural requirements and the designer's personal signature?

Despite the sheer beauty, the invention and vaulting rhythm of their conceptions, both architects tend blithely to disregard certain fundamental museum needs. For example, in Houston walls forty feet high support a dazzling open structure where scale and space defy the most powerful works of art, even when smaller supplementary partitions are used as installation backgrounds. At the Guggenheim, conversely, hanging areas are sometimes little more than five feet high, creating perplexing problems in an expressly modern museum at precisely the time that painters have turned to extravagant dimensions.

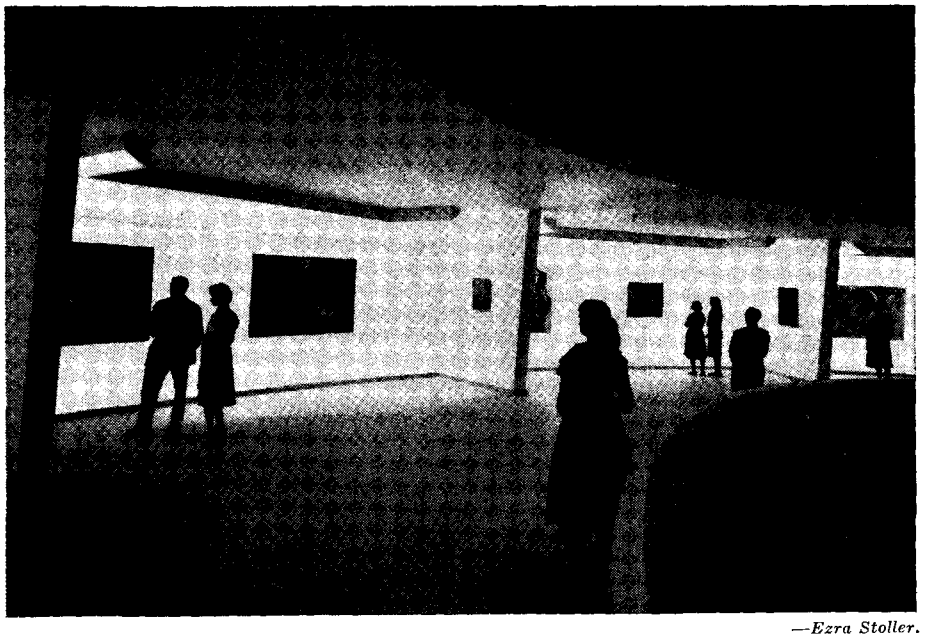
In each case, despite or because of the functional liberties taken, architecture of unique excitement results. The buildings themselves become works of art and monuments to their distinguished designers. But paintings and sculpture often demand submissive surroundings where introspection and privacy are possible, where the process of looking is more important than the experience of seeing.

Both buildings, based on bold projections of space and dramatic juxtapositions of scale, curiously recall but in no way resemble the overpowering palace architecture which familiarly enshrined art museums of the past. What one misses perhaps is a human dimension, an intimacy sympathetic to personal and poignant visual experiences. If the towering scale and imaginative daring of the two plans are similar, their motivating designs are diametrically opposed, as one might expect from architects of such divergent philosophies. For while Miës characteristically depended on a rectilinear structure of classical and impeccable purity, Wright based his intensely romantic architecture on a succession of undulating curves. Indeed, his concrete building itself becomes a vast molded sculpture where clean intersecting planes play against sensuously rounded walls. Wright claimed that "here for first time architecture appears plastic"—an attribute usually reserved for the arts of sculpture and painting.

The main section of the new Guggenheim Museum is predicated on six storeys of spiral ramps leading from a spacious lobby and culminating in a great glass dome (which one could only wish had been less obtrusively leaded). A smaller connecting building devoted to administration is based on the same principle, both structures recalling the architecture of ancient ziggurats. With the exception of one large gallery and the entrance lobby (the latter almost too imposing for works of art) exhibition space is limited to the central ramp, an incline of about one-third mile divided into numerous bays. However, elevators are readily accessible.

Like an obstacle race with endless hurdles, the architecture presents an implacable challenge to the museum's director, James Johnson Sweeney. Circumventing five-foot walls, most of which are either tilted or curved, he designed an effective free-hanging installation where paintings projected on iron rods seem to float in unrestricted space. Other practical problems relating to light, adequate storage areas, and possibilities for future expansion were likewise provocative. But it is only fair to point out that Wright's original plans called for free-standing screens to augment exhibition areas and vary spatial relationships. With these mobile units, which for some reason were never built, he hoped to provide more flexible installation facilities. Alterations in his original design may have resulted, of course, in serious dislocations throughout. But though the device of uninterrupted ramps around a vast hollow core fires the imagination and beguiles the eye, as the basis for an art museum it seems exceptionally wasteful and frustrating. For what could be more disturbing than pedestals wedged on continuous inclines (if sculpture is occasionally to be related to paintings) or rectangular canvases cut by a profusion of sloping angles and curves? A sense of uneasiness results, and unnerving insecurity, though, as Wright predicted, the structure has "great repose, like the atmosphere of an unbroken wave" when seen *without* those objects of art for which it was built.

With an eye to quality, Mr. Sweeney



—*Ezra Stoller.*

View of ramp gallery of the Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum.

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chose 134 outstanding works from the Guggenheim collection of approximately 2,000. These he installed with infinite care, tirelessly relating each work to its complicated surroundings. The result is often brilliant, especially where objects of great strength are concerned. Looking across the abyss from ramp to ramp, one feels that the more structural the painting, the better its chance to survive. Assertive canvases based on bold color and shapes (by artists like Léger, Kandinsky, and Mondrian) seem less affected by aggressive surroundings than recessive paintings, which suffer sadly from lack of seclusion.

So here is the age-old quandary. Can architecture invent for the future and still provide for the present? Should functional problems be permitted to interfere with new conceptions? And is it heresy to find fault with museum architecture that flatly denies museum needs but still has far-reaching validity? For Wright's whole idea of uninterrupted ramps extends the possibilities of architecture and suggests numerous modern applications. For instance, where large groups of people in motion are concerned—in department stores, fairs, or at certain types of educational exhibitions—the very openness of the structure, the very flow of its spirals could increase mobility and provide an exhilarating new sense of freedom.

But for an art museum all that is really needed are walls scaled to the works of art, adequate and flexible space, good light, and an architectural design so discreet as humbly to protect and make comfortable both the treasures on exhibition and the visitors who come to see them.

Near Past and Present on Canvas

"A Concise History of Modern Painting," by Sir Herbert Read *(Praeger. 376 pp. $7.50), and* ***"Mainstreams of Modern Art," by John Canaday*** *(Simon & Schuster. 576 pp. ($12.50), differ on the importance of many twentieth-century painters. SR's art critic Katharine Kuh evaluates the two studies below.*

By Katharine Kuh

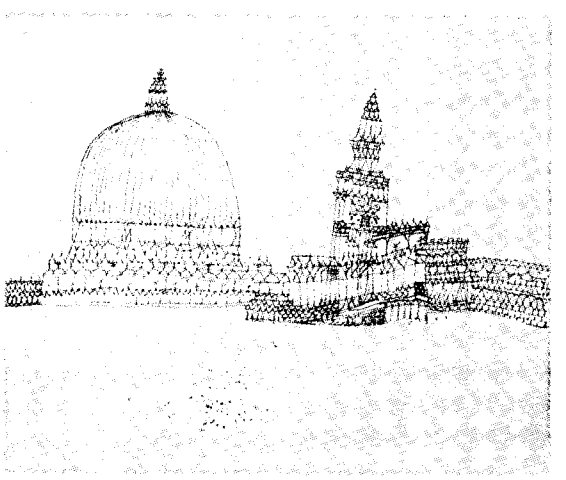
TWO RECENT books about modern art, one by the English critic Herbert Read, the other by John Canaday, the newly appointed art critic of *The New York Times*, could scarcely differ more widely though reputedly dealing with the same subject. For Mr. Read "modern" means chiefly the twentieth century; for Mr. Canaday the term is more inclusive, referring in greater measure to the near past than the present.

In his "Mainstreams of Modern Art" the latter surveys the nineteenth century expansively yet in penetrating detail, but he merely summarizes art of the last sixty years. On the other hand, the brevity of Read's "Concise History of Modern Painting" in no way interferes with a lucid, scholarly, and refreshing account of the art of an extraordinarily complex period. With few but perceptively chosen words, the text interweaves personal judgments, new evaluations, and excellent historical documentation. One is constantly astonished by the wealth of the last sixty years: the rich interplay of art, architecture, and literature, the conscious grouping together of creative people for purposes of communication, expression, and reassurance.

Read aptly starts his history with Cézanne and accepts as his "criterion of modernity" the statement by Paul Klee that the artist's "intention is not to reflect the visible, but to make visible." This is precisely what Sir Herbert tries to do, by not merely pursuing historical facts but by uncovering fundamental motivations and underlying explanations for the conflicting directions art has taken in our time.

Whereas Read relies on facts to synthesize ideas, Canaday often depends solely on facts. Whereas Read lists as "the great leaders of the modern movement in painting Cézanne, Matisse, Picasso, Kandinsky, Klee, Mondrian, and Pollock, Canaday, it seems, would include only the first three. Kandinsky, Klee, and Mondrian are treated briefly by him, all of them relegated to far less space than that allotted the early

"EXACTITUDE IS NOT TRUTH" is a tenet of modern art to which diverse artists of this century adhere, as seen in Matisse's "Self Portrait" (left), Klee's "The Great Dome" (lower right), and in a striking comparison between Bernini's early seventeenth-century statue of "Apollo and Daphne" (lower left) and Boccioni's 1913 bronze "Unique Forms of Continuity in Space."



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nineteenth-century artist Jacques Louis David, a curiously arbitrary choice Canaday promotes as the father of modern art. And he brushes off Jackson Pollock and his fellow Abstract Expressionists with a few paragraphs that blandly ignore the scope of their influence. After all, one need not approve a movement to record or recognize its strength.

"Klee's influence," Herbert Read writes, "has not been superficial; it penetrates to the sources of inspiration and is still at work, like a ferment in the heart of our culture." John Canaday disagrees. For him "no other painter of consequence seems so trivial." "Paul Klee," he observes, "is an artist's artist, a philosopher's philosopher, and of late, most unhappily, a faddist's cult." Surely Klee has left his mark so indelibly on the art and thinking of our period as to deserve greater consideration than Diego Rivera, whose work is already sadly dated and to whom Canaday devotes considerably more space and attention. Repeatedly one is distressed by this writer's peremptory evaluations of such pioneer modern leaders as Brancusi, Delaunay, Duchamp, Ernst, Arp, and the Futurists. However, his handling of nineteenth-century masters, in contrast, is often wise, generous, and knowledgeable.

ONE must admit that Canaday clearly states the premise on which his book is based: "that classicism, romanticism, and realism are the three wide groups into which expression through painting can be divided." This rigidly academic classification, if routine for nineteenth-century history-of-art studies, scarcely lends itself to a vivid interpretation of twentieth-century art with its provocative emphasis on fragmentation, multiplicity, shorthand symbols, and the conscious merging of method and meaning.

Though Canaday's text is filled with voluminous information, he does not pretend to be breaking new ground. His approach is "teacherly," his audience the layman. Read's brief history has interest for both the uninformed and the specialist, the latter attracted by its sudden new insights and emphasis on significant interrelationships. It is only the physical appearance of his book that I deplore. Color reproductions are poor, and the works reproduced in the strangely assorted picture survey at the end are almost meaningless in their present postage-stamp size.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read 8, 3, 12, 9, 10, 1, 2, 7, 4, 11, 5 6.

Poetry of Painting

"Ideas and Images in World Art: Dialogue with the Visible," by Rene Huyghe *(Abrams. 447 pp. $15), surveys the development of art —from the caveman to Tanguy and Chagall to demonstrate that if art has a function, it is to link the inner with the outer world. Alfred Werner is a contributing editor of Arts Magazine.*

By Alfred Werner

IN AN era abounding with books that aim to make art appreciation a simple task, to be learned in a dozen easy lessons, it is a comfort to study a serious volume that approaches works of art with awe and trepidation. Treating mainly the realm of painting, Huyghe warns us against trying to "understand" pictures with the cold intellect, against reducing art to ideas. Hence, the American publisher was unwise in encumbering the book with its present title, relegating the original "Dialogue with the Visible" to a subtitle. Professor Huyghe observes that for thousands of years man has been carrying on a dialogue with the visible world, that through constantly renewed exchanges the artist has been seeking to plumb the unfathomable world beneath the surface of reality. The author rejects the notion, entertained in sterile ages and by frigid minds, that it is art's function to imitate nature. If it has a function, it is the linking of the inner with the outer world, the excursion into the mysterious sphere of man's unconscious. Art reveals, by way of the senses, the instinct of the soul; triumphing over the intellect, it speaks directly to the heart.

With such an attitude, it is no surprise to find Huyghe admiring Bosch, Caravaggio, Rembrandt, Goya, Delacroix, Gauguin, Van Gogh, and Rouault rather than the more intellectual painters of the Renaissance and their modern heirs. He liberally quotes statements some of these and other Surrealists and Expressionists have made in letters and journals; and among celebrated writers who have expressed themselves on art he prefers enthusiasts like Baudelaire, Mallarmé, Proust, and Malraux to a cold systematizer like Taine.

This book is not a history of painting, and few paintings from our century have been chosen, but the whole development of art is surveyed, from that of the caveman to Tanguy and Chagall, and nearly every country is visited. It is, rather, an attempt to make modern man, obsessed by realism and materialism, look once more lovingly and silently on art to "attend to its voiceless speech." But while Huyghe is wary of *Kunstwissenschaft*, the purely scientific approach to art that seems to have conquered the universities, he is far from confining the public to an entirely wordless, mystic adoration of paintings. He examines the formal construction of pictures, contrasts portraits of one sitter done by several artists, compares sketches with finished works, and juxtaposes works of art separated by centuries. He does all this and more to emphasize the inner significance of a painting, which cannot be grasped by a mere teaching of historical data; and, in his vivid language, offers this axiom: "A knowledge of botany does not help us to taste the fruit: we must bite into it."

FOR only by immersing oneself in a painting, he insists, can one taste its poetry, its music, its spiritual essence; in other words, its invisible mystery. With great intuitive power, he dissolves the shell that so often hides a work from the unfeeling multitude, a shell that "might have been taken to be transparent, but is actually the opaque envelope of the work." But Huyghe also avoids the overexplicitness that might dissolve the "gem" inside the shell; he operates with suggestion just as a good artist does in making the viewer sense his own creative impulse.

Contrasting an Ivory Coast mask with a head carved by Modigliani, Huyghe observes with reference to the complexities and problems of today: "Total abstraction . . . is not a caprice of our time . . . it reflects a deep tendency that manifested itself in the art of the past." To those who are weary of what Gauguin dismissed as the "cold calculations of reason," a guide like Professor Huyghe offers spiritual invigoration. Taking the reader away from the world of "prefabricated mental images" straight to cherished creations of genius, he makes him stop to listen to the Voices of Silence, which cannot be charted, which can only be felt.

—From the book.

Van Gogh's "Field of Barley."

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Harriman

(Continued from page 19)

such a plan both in the post-World War II patterns of economic cooperation and in an ambitious program undertaken by the Chamber in the Thirties in cooperation with the League of Nations.

So much has been written on the problem of underdeveloped nations there is a danger we will begin confusing words with actions. Action, immediately, is imperative. The threat of Red China setting an example of forced-draft economic progress to other nonindustrial nations has often been cited. But no international program has been developed that faces squarely the capital needs and technical-assistance requirements to help the underdeveloped nations of the free world achieve their aspirations for a decent life for their people. The International Development Fund is a good new step in the right direction.

Realistically, the financing of adequate measures would be vastly assisted by some degree of arms limitation. I do not believe this is out of the question. In my talks with Mr. Khrushchev, he indicated a strong desire to reduce his armament expenditures, as the increasing costs of the new weapons were a great drain on the Soviet economy and were interfering with other programs. He showed a keen interest in improving the standard of living in Russia in order to make the Communist system so successful that, as he told me, "Others will have to follow."

The political and economic cooperation in the North Atlantic community has stopped Communist expansion in Western Europe. Similar cooperation among the industrial nations for a program of world economic development is the logical extension of that policy.

Mr. Khrushchev throughout his trip here continually boasted that Communism was going to bury us, in the historical sense. This is a challenge the free nations must accept. Through sound international economic cooperation we can help to create an expanding economy in the free world which will in turn influence the Communist orbit. Even if to date the Kremlin ardor for world revolution has not dimmed, it is none the less true that changes are taking place within the Soviet Union. Expanding prosperity throughout the free world would certainly diminish Soviet expectations of Communist revolution in other countries. This might well encourage those in the Soviet Union who are interested in the development of Russia for the benefit of the Russian people, rather than Russia as a base for world revolution.

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By Ben Ray Redman

MY FIRST contact with what might be called the backstage aspect of *Harper's Magazine* was in 1920, when I entered the old cast-iron building on Franklin Square and climbed the stairs to a vast room that took in the entire first floor. Here there were many desks but no partitions, no private offices, and as I turned right at the head of the stairs I faced the desk of Tom Wells, the magazine's editor-in-chief. It was the beginning of a happy editor-contributor relationship that continued until Thomas Bucklin Wells retired to live in Paris, I have forgotten how many years ago.

So it was with feelings of personal interest and nostalgia that I opened this treasury of *Harper's* best. Somehow it pleases me that one of the very best articles, or pieces, in this treasury is by John Fischer, the present editor-in-chief, and that one of the most interesting is by Fischer's immediate predecessor in office, Frederick Lewis Allen. It is fitting, too, that the lead-off man should be E. B. White, who for nearly five years was a kind of contributing editor with his delightful monthly department, "One Man's Meat," written in a style that has become famous.

Mr. Fischer, setting his scene in Schloss Leopoldskron and speaking through the mouth of a worldly Austrian monk, advances the provocative idea that Americans are "a bunch of dreamy poets" who are so "besotted with culture"–their own peculiar kind, of course–that they "can no longer bear to face a hard material fact when" they "meet one." They are also a religious people, who yearly sacrifice thousands of victims to their god, the automobile, even as the Toltecs piled up skulls for Quetzalcoatl. Drawing an ingenious parallel between Austria and the United States, Father Florian argues that the latter will go the way of the former unless Americans face up to reality.

Mr. Allen's theme is the rise of industrialism in the United States and its effects upon our way of life. He believes (or did in 1950) "that the expansion of industrialism is still in its early stages," but that we face two prime threats to further expansion. One is war, the other "the fatal notion that benefits to various sections of the population can be brought about by government handouts and guarantees larger than our increase in national productivity can support." Mr. White writes of visiting Walden Pond, of life in New York, of searching for a sleigh on a snowy New England morning, of Americans' love of country and of internationalism, of press and radio and wartime "propaganda for democracy."

Among the other articles that make this treasury deserve its name are the well-known "Highbrow, Lowbrow, Middlebrow," by another *Harper's* editor, Russell Lynes; E. M. Forster's explanation of why he believes in "Art for Art's Sake," what the phrase really means, and why the artist must always be an "outsider"; T. R. Waring's temperate statement of the case for segregation, and Faulkner's emotional rebuttal; Bertrand Russell's definition of a teacher's functions, and Betty Friedan's popularization of the findings of Ewing and Donn, which prove–almost certainly–that the last Ice Age ended 11,000 years ago, and that we are well on our way towards another.

Thornton Wilder tells us what he has been trying to do in the theatre, and Bernard De Voto celebrates the virtues of bourbon and rye. In retrospective pieces John Houseman tells the inside story of the terrifying "Men from Mars" radio program that he produced with Orson Wells, John Kenneth Galbraith retells the history of the 1929 crash and Charlton Ogburn, Jr., relives the incredible campaign in Upper Burma, through which he fought with Merrill's Marauders. Aldous Huxley seeks a satisfactory method of classifying human types, and finds it in the work of W. H. Sheldon, who introduced "endomorph," "mesomorph," and "ectomorph" into the language. Henry Stimson (in 1947) reviews the decision to use the atomic bomb.

This treasury contains many other articles no less interesting, as well as a group of five excellent short stories, and thirty-six poems that run the gamut from Tennyson to Ernest Kroll.

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For the Epicurious

"In Praise of Wine and Certain Noble Spirits," by Alec Waugh *(Sloane. 304 pp. $6), combines enthusiasm for the grape with knowledge thereof. Lucius Beebe was for twenty-one years a member of the editorial staff of the* New York Herald Tribune, *where he wrote the syndicated column "This New York." He is now a contributor to national magazines of articles on food, travel, and the good life generally.*

By Lucius Beebe

BY THE merest chance, the review copy of this disorganized but entertaining series of essays on wines and the amenities of the table generally—with its special and glowing references to Ports, among them the incomparable vintages of Crofts—arrived in the identical mail with a letter from New York's foremost amateur of Port, Colonel Frederick Wildman, lamenting that no vintage Crofts of any description are available at the moment in the English market for American export.

In a way this long arm of coincidence, arrested in mid-"here's how," is expressive of the entire reaction of an American reader of Mr. Waugh's humane and often thirst-provoking chronicle of excursions among vanished vintages. So many of them are gone beyond recall; so many were never even available to Yankee purchase. Reading it can induce frustration comparable with that of a potential Don Juan reading Villon's "Ballade of Fair Women" or a modest collector scanning a record of the sales of Sir Joseph Duveen. Discouraging.

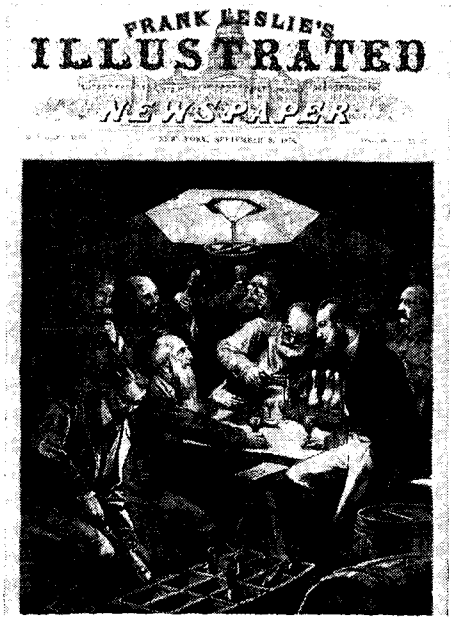
Nevertheless "In Praise of Wine," which bears not only the byline of a celebrated man of letters, but also the imprimatur of a knowing publisher, can be counted on to justify its publication if only in terms of the aphorism that nobody, but nobody, ever went wrong on a cookbook, and that books on vine, viticulture, and the folklore of the grape enjoy a perennial, and indeed, sensational success with Americans, most of whom hold the page open with one hand to a learned essay of the merits of Royal Madeiras while with the other mixing a Martini in the true proportions laid down for The Faithful by De Voto.

Two hazards, it seems to the reviewer, must oppose themselves to the commentator in book form on vintages and the writer's experiences with wine. One is the implacable passage of time which, with absolute certainty, renders his vintages obsolete, even those of the seemingly everlasting Madeiras and centenarian Cognacs; the other is the ghost of George Saintsbury. Of the two, the latter is the more formidable, for to invade the province of the author of "Notes on a Cellar Book," at whose merest mention Epicureans everywhere stand and uncover their heads, requires a certain hardihood even in as widely experienced a man of the world as Mr. Waugh. A sort of secondary hurdle is his own yet-living and greatly honored contemporary André Simon, acknowledged doyen of food-and-wine experts and a benevolent presence that may well inhibit all lesser commentators, although it should be in the record that the gentle and generous Mr. Simon would be the last to wish this to be so.

Mr. Waugh's happy combination of enthusiasm and erudition admirably bypasses all these obstacles. He writes at personal firsthand as a celebrated traveler, knowingly, authoritatively, and, when required, reverently. His opinions in the realm of Port and Madeira will probably never be invalidated. His recollections of meals and restaurants in the chapter captioned "Lucullus in 1958" are superlative reading.

THERE may be churls who will disagree with his dictum on dining alone, to the effect that "two half bottles [of wine at a meal] are too much." The reviewer can remember amateurs who would have been kindled by such modest consumption to inextinguishable mirth, and they include Albert Keller, of the New York Ritz Carlton, Selmer Fougner, and the still happily alive and drinking Colonel Fred Wildman.

More wine and more good books by Mr. Waugh can do nobody any harm.



At Philadelphia's Centennial Exposition, 1876—wine testers make tour of vaults.

ON THE SIDE OF SUBURBIA: Phyllis McGinley writes that she "committed" her first volume of prose, **"The Province of the Heart"** (Viking, $3), because she didn't know the right people: those who assert in print that suburbia is a tame-animal preserve, nourished on frozen dinners and Daiquiris, lulled by picture tubes and stereophonic train-whistles, and entertained by entertaining one another's spouses.

Thank heaven, she doesn't know Mr. Marquand, and therefore couldn't corner him behind a dry olive and give him her opinion. For then the rest of us would have missed her gentle lectures on the joys of being all the things modern fiction deplores: married, feminine, suburban, maternal, adjusted, middle-aged, and unanalyzed. Just one or two of these conditions have pulverized the strongest fictional commuters.

Her defense of her suburban life is motivated by "a fairly passionate concern for tradition and morality." Only a wit as blithe as Miss McGinley's could make it palatable. She lauds womanhood, while sympathizing with creatures who are admonished: fulfill your function and procreate; stop overpopulating the world, fulfill yourself, and get a job; stop unsettling the sexual balance by competing with men.

In her household the problem of why a young girl should not permit certain relationships is not waved off with gibberish about adjustment, danger, and passion. It is explained as a sin, an exceedingly outworn idea, and one which Miss McGinley restores to absolutism with honesty and vigor.

One of the most delightful of her essays extols the consolations of illiteracy. She describes her colleagues in college: "They sat under a faculty which for relentless mediocrity must have outstripped any in the land. So, by putting my mind to it, I was able to emerge from four years there quite uncorrupted by knowledge." As a result, she met in ensuing years all the authors the well-educated had learned to hate in college. And they established friendships with her denied to the undergraduate.

Even gardening, that venial suburban sin, is a soul-searching matter. "The compost heap is the gardener's Holy Grail . . . the outward and visible sign of his inward dedication."

Miss McGinley's training as a poet enlivens her clean prose style. It makes what interests her interesting to read, like a good poem, and it insures a courteous reception for an unwelcome idea.

You may hate suburbia and your fellow man, but you will enjoy "The Province of the Heart."

—DIANA POTEAT HOBBY.

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Quasimodo

Continued from page 20

phur/was the summer of myths/still."

As his vision sharpened, his horizon expanded. His magic pen described the earth, light and darkness, sunshine and rain, blue skies and clouded ones; the waters of the sea and those of the rivers and torrents. His universe became populated with men and women going about their task of living and being true to themselves, but also of hurting and killing other humans. His world was filled with sounds — voices, winds, waters.

While his early poems are at times almost purposely involute, bordering on the dangerously experimental, it is in his postwar work that Quasimodo has achieved new clarity and force. The poetry collected in such volumes as "Giorno dopo giorno" (1947) and "Il falso e vero verde" (1956) contain poems of a visual and musical perfection. I am thinking of such compositions as "The Sea":

For several nights past we have heard
the sea,
gentle, to and fro, along the smooth
sandy beach.
Echo of a voice that shut within the mind
comes back from time; and even this
unceasing lament of the seagulls: perhaps
birds of the towers which April
drives to the plains. You
were already close to me with that voice;
and I, too, wish that an echo of the re-
membrance of me
could reach you
now
like that dark murmur of the sea.

As he has reached technical perfection, Quasimodo has also spoken with an uncompromising clarity about the role of the poet in the contemporary world. "War changes the moral life of a nation," he declared recently. While his latest work shows how very much the poet has made contemporary events the subject matter of his verses, he has also been quick to point out that "poetry is a spiritual position; it may never surrender to external solicitations."

A POET of the highest integrity, supremely conscious of our condition, Quasimodo has never despaired. Not an optimist in any sense of the word, he has an indestructible faith in the written word. He has sought, with words, and with all the intellectual resources at his disposal, to illuminate for himself and for us the meaning of life and man's condition in the universe. Discreetly, but convincingly, he has taught us to be braver and stronger, and to "ask neither grace nor confusion."

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Wright

Continued from page 17

becomes anonymous. No one could ever accuse Mr. Wright of anonymity; he fought constantly to preserve his individuality.

Mr. Wright was a man readily moved to anger, and there are many who bear the scars of his whiplash tongue, but I do not think that there was ever any real contempt in that anger. He had a lover's jealous possessiveness for architecture. He saw in it a realm of artistic expression unrivaled even by poetry, to which, as a Welshman, he had a deep affinity. He despised the cities which have sacrificed their urbanity. He hated the coffin-like box which is still the basis of too much of our architecture.

Another one of Mr. Wright's most salient characteristics was his wit. It was often biting and sometimes blunt, but it was never vicious or mean. In spite of the foibles of bureaucracy with which he had to contend, in spite of the many occasions on which he found himself misunderstood, even in spite of the occasions on which he was quite literally pilloried because of his personal and private affairs, his sense of humor never deserted him.

Mr. Wright was a man to whom it was difficult if not impossible to pay homage. He would say, "Don't talk, do! The opportunities and the challenges facing the nations of men are so vast, so exciting, so desperately urgent that there is not a minute to lose. Look at what we have wrought in the creation of new materials—look at what we can do with them: the rainbow world of plastics, the miracle of stressed concrete, the living steels and sheet metals —these, together with the age-old materials of wood, brick and stone—what possibilities! What shapes are possible —what spaces can be tamed—what life they can be given . . ."

To use a term he invented—we can now break with the curse of *medievality* which has for so long crushed our cities in upon themselves. We can create living spaces beyond the dreams of poets. And we can do it without confusing sanitation with sterility! We Americans *have* a national character. It has survived and grown in spite of our bad national housekeeping, in spite of the numerous times we have been seduced by cheap eclecticism, even in spite of our waste of human resources.

It is our great misfortune that the United States does not have a single public building of national importance that represents the gifts and genius of Mr. Wright. I have reason to believe that this situation was on the way to being corrected when his time ran out. Yet I am convinced that his inspired innovations constitute a liberating force out of which is already emerging the new architecture. Almost nine hundred buildings bear his signature from the Imperial Hotel in Tokyo to the Guggenheim Museum in New York.

It is fortunate for our country that the Taliesin Fellowship, under Mrs. Wright's guidance and with the able assistance of loyal members of the Fellowship, will be able to carry through to completion many projects left unfinished by Mr. Wright. Although his personal talents are now lost to us, there are years enough to make the twentieth the American Century in the best and most humane sense. We Americans have this to be proud of: the greatest of all architects was one of us.

The Teaching Load

By David Wagoner

GIRLS write stories about little girls
Slumped at pianos or refusing oatmeal;
Passion lies changeable and sweet in their mouths like caramels.

Boys write stories about bums
Dying happily with red faces and black thumbs
In bars or parks where no fathers can write them.

Boys and girls write stories about farmers
And farmers' wives who are interchangeable with horses,
And always the grasshoppers and weather are growing worse.

Girls in hot water, and bums on the cold rocks,
Farmers and their wives digging wells under harness:
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Professors drink stories written by wise girls and old boys
And seem by turns avuncular or cantankerous—
Who are simply passionate bums boozing in meadows.

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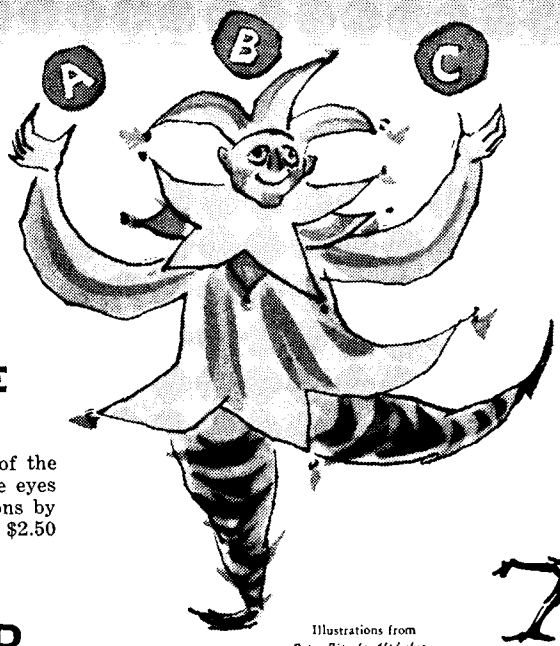

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by Adrien Stoutenburg and Laura Nelson Baker. The great Newfoundland dog often mentioned in both explorers' diaries is the "hero" of this story. Illustrated. *Ages 9-14.* $2.95

THE TAIL OF THE TERRIBLE TIGER

by Marion Renick. A boy's first football game provides the action in this lively picture book. Color illustrations by Paul Galdone. *Ages 5-8.* $2.95

VOICI HENRI!

by Virginia Kahl and Edith Vacheron, with color illustrations by Miss Kahl. *This* charming book, written in French, tells three clever stories about Henri and his cat Michel. For children who don't read French (or as a companion translation) it is also available in English as **HERE IS HENRI!** *Ages 6-10.* $2.50 each

And don't miss . . .

ADVENTURES IN ELECTROCHEMISTRY

by Alfred Morgan. Clear instructions for 43 experiments, and an introduction to electrochemistry. Drawings and diagrams by the author. *Older boys & girls.* $3.50

THE WORLD OF CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH

by Genevieve Foster. A vivid picture of world events during the lifetime of John Smith, with emphasis on Elizabethan England and the colonization of America. 185 illustrations by the author. *Older boys & girls.* $4.95

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BOOKS FOR YOUNG AMERICA

SR's *Annual Fall Survey*

—From "The Smallest Elephant in the World."

THIS section has been prepared by the members of the Publications Department at Bank Street College of Education in New York City. Irma Simonton Black, Publications chairman and the author of many books and articles for children and adults, has been a teacher and research worker in child development. Like Mrs. Black, Betty Miles, whose fourth juvenile is on Knopf's autumn list, has taught and currently writes for adults and children. Joan Winsor Blos, former chairman of a children's book committee for the State of Connecticut, teaches classes in children's literature. In addition to the foregoing, other reviewers for this issue are Claudia Lewis, teacher of language arts at Bank Street College and author of "Writing for Young Children" (Simon & Schuster) and "Straps the Cat" (Scott); and Ruth A. Sonneborn, director of the Bank Street Bookstore and consultant on children's books to school and parent groups.

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The Words In Picture Books

By JOAN WINSOR BLOS

CHILDREN are likely to take what they find in books as serious communication from the adult world. Because of this they are receptive to constructive elements and vulnerable to confusing or frightening factors. They deserve books which, skilfully written and beautifully illustrated, offer something of value. When the task at hand is that of selecting a book for one child or a group of children it is worth trying to determine whether that "something" exists at all and, if so, what it may be. Too often, however, the potential buyer or borrower is beguiled into hasty selection by amusing or appealing illustrations, and many adults seem to forget that even in the so-called picture books it is by and large the words which convey the central meaning.

The fact is that the text of any picture book should be thoughtfully read and considered before it is given to children. What is the book really about? Is its theme compatible with the values and attitudes that children need to know and to live by? Is the content accurate, the logic true, the fantasy apt? Can an adult read the book aloud once, twice, or forty-two times without excessive boredom? Will the children enjoy it or will it leave them puzzled and unsatisfied? In short, is it a good book?

The adult who tends to equate good book with good story may, at first, be frustrated by the fact that many books for little children have no real plot or only a rudimentary one. But children seem to sense their own need for such books and may become devoted to those that offer review of familiar experiences (such as stories of somebody's walk, day, or new red shoes) or books that reinforce their spontaneous efforts to organize and understand the diverse phenomena they observe.

Juveniles whose theme is conceptual rather than narrative need to be impeccable in their logic, since even the best-intentioned often reveal inconsistencies. Several years ago, for example, a small book about friendship included the following statement about a tree:

> You know it likes you because it gives you apples . . . or pears . . . or cherries.

The intended idea is commendable. The expressed idea is false. A tree is not capable of liking. It does not give apples (or pears or cherries) but grows them because it must, and the fruit is as available to a crook and a cheat as to a child. Another book included "night" and "shadows" in its list of objects that fall downwards. This might be amusing to an older child who knows perfectly well what night is and does, and who can enter into the metaphoric use of language. But to a three-year-old such juxtaposition may suggest that "night comes down boom!" He cannot be expected to reorient himself when what is

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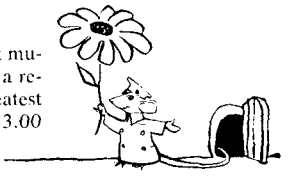
Drawings from
MADELINE AND THE GYPSIES
by Ludwig Bemelmans

MADELINE AND THE GYPSIES
Story and Pictures by LUDWIG BEMELMANS
Madeline is more fun than ever! Stranded high on a Ferris wheel in a storm, she's rescued by gypsies who take her on a brilliantly pictured tour of France. Ages 5 to 8 $3.50

THE GROUNDHOG AND HIS SHADOW
Story and Pictures by KURT WIESE
Sick and tired of getting out of his comfortable bed every February 2, Mr. Groundhog sold his shadow to a fox, but the shadow's own cleverness saved the day! Ages 4 to 7 $2.25

THE MAGNIFICENT PUMPKIN
By VALDINE PLASMATI
Illustrated by Heidi Ogawa
Milly and Bill grew the pumpkin themselves but when it broke to bits it took the whole family to put it together again—to win the blue ribbon at the fair! Ages 4 to 7 $2.50

NORMAN THE DOORMAN
Story and Pictures by DON FREEMAN
The beguiling doorman of a mousehole in an art museum creates a wonderful mobile in his studio—a remodeled knight's helmet—and achieves his greatest ambition. Ages 4 to 7 $3.00



NINE DAYS TO CHRISTMAS
By MARIE HALL ETS and AURORA LABASTIDA
Illustrated by Marie Hall Ets
Five-year-old Ceci, daughter of a comfortable Mexican family, is allowed to choose her *piñata* at the market and has her very own Christmas festival. Ages 4 to 7 $3.25

SPACE WITCH
Story and Pictures by DON FREEMAN
In her Zoom Broom, Tilly Ipswitch becomes a Flying Sorceress! She finds, however, that be it ever so haunted, there's no space like home.
Ages 4 to 7 $2.00

FUTILITY THE TAPIR
Story and Pictures by ROBERTA MOYNIHAN
At last this torpid tapir made the momentous decision to GET UP, but after a day of effort she was convinced that tomorrow would be soon enough. Ages 4 to 7 $2.00

OTTO IN TEXAS
Story and Pictures by WILLIAM PENE DU BOIS
Otto and Duke, his master, make a visit to Texas, where the giar dog outfoxes a new brand of outlaw—the oil rustler. A hilarious tal in full color. Ages 4 to 7 $2.5

BAMBINO GOES HOME
Story and Pictures by GEORGES SCHREIBER
In Italy, Bambino shows an American boy who can speak Italian that *candy* and *circus* are understood i any language. Paintings in glowing color.
Ages 4 to 7 $3.0

MAGNUS AND THE SQUIRREL
By HANS PETERSON
Illustrated by Ilon Wikland
A seaside city in Sweden is the setting for this unusual story of friendship between a lonely little boy, a teen-age boy, and a pe squirrel. Ages 6 to 9 $2.5

THE LONG-NOSED PRINCESS
By PRISCILLA HALLOWELL
Illustrated by Rita Fava
A merry spoof of fairy tales, when the chosen prince gets his comeuppance. *Prizewinner, New York Herald Tribune Children's Spring Book Festival, 1959.*
Ages 6 to 10 $2.00

PIPPI IN THE SOUTH SEAS
By ASTRID LINDGREN
Illustrated by Louis S. Glanzman
Further outlandish adventures of Pippi Longstocking and her friends Tommy and Annika, on a tropical island where her father reigns a king. Ages 8 to 12 $2.0

A SANTO FOR PASQUALITA
By ANN NOLAN CLARK
Illustrated by Mary Villarejo
The orphan, Pasqualita, lacked only one thing t make her life perfect in her new home with the Sar tero and his wife, but one wonderful day her wis was fulfilled. Ages 7 to 10 $2.7

DENNY AND THE INDIAN MAGIC
By LESTER ROWNTREE
Illustrated by Roberta Moynihan
Denny's dream came true when, through his belief in a blind ol Indian's prophecy, he learned the secret of talking with the dese animals he loved. Ages 7 to 11 $2.5

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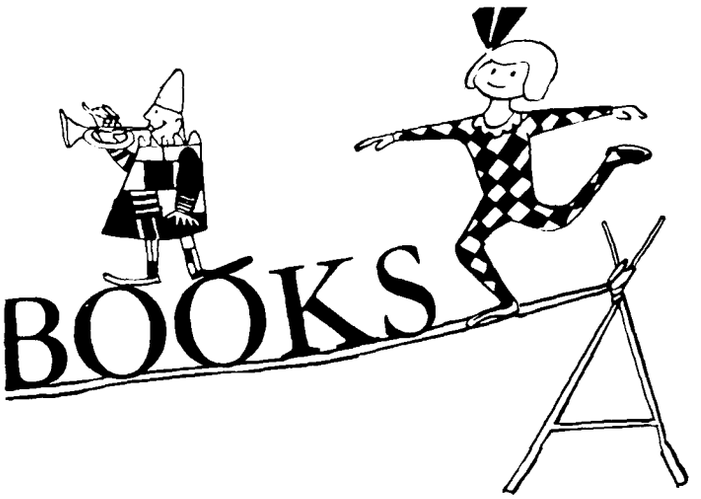


THE CHEERFUL HEART
By ELIZABETH JANET GRAY
Illustrated by Kazue Mizumura
Eleven-year-old Tomi helps her family rebuild their home and lives in postwar Tokyo. Japanese customs and decorations are vividly pictured in this story.
Ages 9 to 12 $3.00

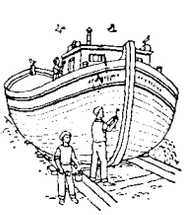
AUNTIE ROBBO
By ANN SCOTT-MONCRIEFF
Illustrated by Christopher Brooker
Auntie Robbo (eighty-one), a sort of elderly Pippi Longstocking, and her great-grand-nephew (eleven), cavort through Scotland with gay abandon. Ages 8 to 12 $2.50

CAPTAIN GHOST
By THELMA HARRINGTON BELL
Jacket by Corydon Bell
Three lively children are inspired to make a fallen tree into a sailing ship. A recluse living nearby lends a hand, and they help him solve a mystery. Ages 9 to 12 $2.75

THEY LIKE YOU BETTER
By JAMES B. GARFIELD
Illustrated by Robert Greiner
When Billy Watson is adopted by the kindly but no-nonsense owner of a pet shop, he learns that people as well as animals "like you better when you're not afraid." Ages 9 to 12 $2.75

THE ISLAND SHEPHERD
By YOLLA NICLAS
Photographs by the author
Beautiful photographs tell of David's summer and his wonderful new friendship with an old shepherd living alone on a Maine island with his sheep. Ages 9 to 12 $3.00

THE HONEY BOAT
Written and Illustrated by VALENTI ANGELO
The Ricci family's barge travels up and down an Italian river in blossom time, laden with sixteen beehives and two adventuresome boys. An amusing and touching tale. Ages 9 to 12 $3.00



THE TENEMENT TREE
Written and Illustrated by KATE SEREDY
Tino spends a summer in the country with his artist aunt, who encourages him to use his imagination and proves to his family that it is a priceless gift.
Ages 7 to 10 $3.00

AN EDGE OF THE FOREST
By AGNES SMITH
Illustrated by Roberta Moynihan
How love of a lamb, driven into a forest, changes the lives of all around her. *Prizewinner, New York Herald Tribune Children's Spring Book Festival, 1959.* Ages 11 to 15 $3.00

DRUMMER BOY FOR MONTCALM
By WILMA PITCHFORD HAYS
Illustrated by Alan Moyler
An authentic and exciting story of the siege of Quebec, told through the experiences of a French boy—the author's great-great-great-grandfather.
Ages 10 to 14 $2.75

CORRIE AND THE YANKEE
By MIMI COOPER LEVY
Illustrated by Ernest Crichlow
A ten-year-old Negro girl becomes a heroine in befriending a fugitive soldier, but gives up her adventurous life to serve her people after "freedom time." Ages 10 to 14 $3.00

ONE TO MAKE READY
By ELSPETH BRAGDON
Illustrated by Lilian Obligado
Minta, a twelve-year-old Maine girl, rebels against going "away" to school, but an eventful summer shows her the "wonderful good things" about growing up. Ages 10 to 14 $2.75

PICTURES TO LIVE WITH
By BRYAN HOLME
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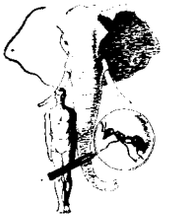
A seasoned connoisseur offers delightful guidance to young people, with illuminating commentary on an exciting variety of paintings, from ancient to modern. H. S. Age $4.50



MEN, ANTS, AND ELEPHANTS:
Size in the Animal World
By PETER WEYL
Illustrated by Anthony Ravielli
How size affects our ability to do things—walking, weight-lifting, and jumping; the effect of size on hearing and sight, the strength of our bodies, and body temperature. H. S. Age $3.00

THE RED PONY
By JOHN STEINBECK
Illustrated by Wesley Dennis
A new edition of this beloved modern classic, reprinted from the limited edition, with the superb paintings reproduced in black and white. Companion to *The Pearl.* H. S. Age $2.75

THE ROMANCE OF CHEMISTRY:
From Ancient Alchemy to Nuclear Fission
By KEITH GORDON IRWIN
Illustrated by Anthony Ravielli
The story of the great chemists, from man's early attempts to transmute base metals to gold, up to modern times when atoms are being created artificially from other atoms. H. S. Age $3.75

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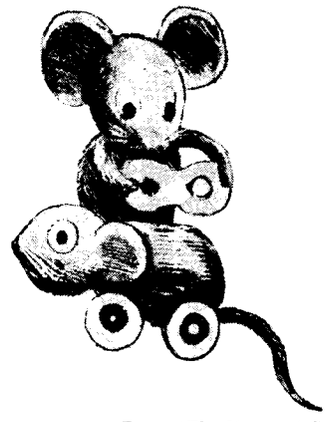
—From "The Smart Little Boy."

presented as conceptual exploration turns out to be play with words. Both have their place, of course. But the boundaries should not be fuzzy and the two should not be confused by the neglect of authors to think through the logical implications of what they write. A successful book of this kind is **"The Sleepy Book,"** by Charlotte Zolotow (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard, $2.75). Having decided to write about animals and people and what they do when night comes, she does not allow her pages to include one morning glory that folds its petals with a sigh or one tired train that chugs slowly to bed in the roundhouse.

Among the simplest works of fiction are those for the very youngest children which use repetition and cumulative pattern to establish relationships of order and continuity. And ever since Jack built his first house and Henny-Penny met Chicken-Licken met Turkey-Lurkey and ran to tell the King, these have been popular. Moreover, patterned or not, these tales often develop a theme. It is neither vain nor inappropriate to seek out the meaning behind the meaning. Some years ago Louise Woodcock wrote about **"The Smart Little Boy and His Smart Little Kitty"** (Young Scott Books, $1.50). Peter and his pet could each do the things that were proper to their natures and capacities. End of the story. Reduced to its essence and then expressed with generality, the book says, "To thine own self be true." And surely this is pertinent for children so young that they are just beginning to know themselves as persons of unique and individual being. For children somewhat older but still not very grown-up **"The Big World and The Little House,"** by Ruth Krauss (Harper, $2.50), is, in story form, an introduction to the significant fact that every home and each person are part of the whole turning world. In still other books are to be found the little red lighthouse who warns big ships of danger, and the little blue engine whose indomitable "I think I can, I think I can, I think I can" accompanies her successful try at a task refused by larger engines. Both are interesting and impressive figures because, among other things, their stories say, "Look, given the right job at the right time even little things (or children) can be strong and effective."

Such points are not lost on children. In their comments and in their play they give frequent evidence of having heard and made their own the knowledge, the concepts, the linguistic delights they get from books, "That truck comes from far away," the four-year-old deduces. "I know because it has a sleeper cab and my moving-man book tells about it." And on the first rainy day after a hearing of Milne's "Happiness" the three-year-old, in perfect rhythm, asks to have "Great. Big. Waterproof boots on." But clearly, a story must give children something worth working on. The morals of too many stories are at best shortsighted (as when the adventuresome boy, bus, or kangaroo sets out on his own, is brought to the brink of self-destruction, and learns never to



—From "The Mouse at Sea."

go away from his mother again) and at worst alarming to the child (as when Slovenly Peter of the German classic comes to grief through failure to take hygienic principles seriously).

The mere fact that a book contains a "message" is no guarantee of merit. The theme must also be appropriate to the interests and capacities of the children for whom the book is intended. There is, for example, no point in trying to tell a three-year-old directly or otherwise that if he is kind to others they will treat him kindly. He simply is not able to grasp this idea; the factors that make him at times unkind are positively related to his psychological development and are not symptomatic of premature misanthropy; he is no more ready for the concept of reciprocal social relations than for long division. An eight- or ten-year-old, on the other hand, is not only able to grasp the abstraction but interested in such principles of everyday life.

If children are great respecters of ideas and enthusiastic participants in vicarious adventures, they may also be impatient judges of style. A poorly written story is likely to have little staying power and rarely becomes a favorite. (One mother calculated that a $2.75 book chosen for twelve or more readings is a better investment than a once-through-and-then-ignored 25¢ choice.) Stories for young children—who either hear their books or else read them silently and meticulously—must have cadence as well as content. The words should suit the action and be chosen for both rhythmic effect and meaning. Because it may be invaluable in assuring that sentences will be reproduced in accordance with the author's intentions, punctuation deserves scrupulous attention. Typography is an ally. Consider the drama achieved in **"The Color Kittens,"** by Margaret Wise Brown (Golden, $1), where the brief verse

A wonderful dream
Of a red rose tree
That turned all white
When you counted three

is accompanied by a picture of a tree with scarlet blooms and under it the words "One . . . TWO" to be followed on the next page by an explosive *"T H R E E !"* and a drawing of the same tree all white.

Or consider the difference between the page as set in Esphyr Slobodkina's nearly classic **"Caps for Sale"** (Scott, $2.50)

He looked to the right of him.
No caps.

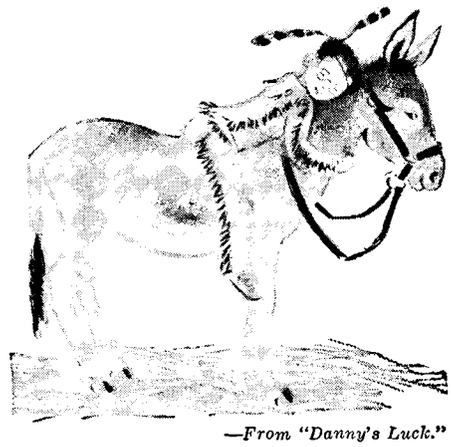
He looked to the left of him.
No caps.

He looked in back of him.
No caps.

He looked behind the tree.
No caps.

And the same words arranged in more conventional order:

He looked to the right of him. No caps. He looked to the left of



—From "Danny's Luck."

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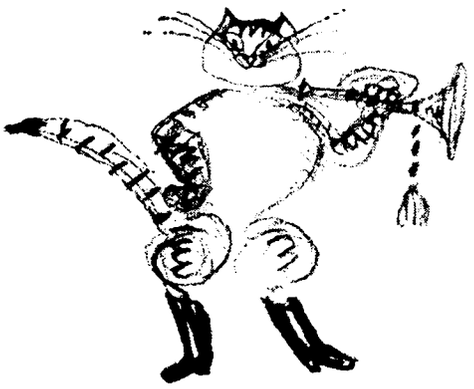

Announcing with pleasure
New reading treasure!

THE WOLF AND THE SEVEN LITTLE KIDS

by the Grimm Brothers; illustrated by Felix Hoffmann. The spirit of this familiar folk tale is freshly interpreted with liveliness and humor in a beautifully illustrated edition that was awarded the Swiss Youth Book Prize (Jugend Buch Preis) in 1957. Ages 4-8. $3.75

THERE WAS TIMMY!

by Sally Scott; illustrated by Beth Krush. The amusing tale of a puppy who was constantly underfoot but who finally proved himself a valuable member of the family. Ages 6-10. $2.25

A VALENTINE FOR CANDY

by Marian Cumming; illustrated by Susanne Suba. Set in Texas in 1894, this story of a young New England girl who learns to appreciate a different way of life is enjoyable reading for girls of today. Ages 8-12. $3.00

THE MYSTERIOUS SCHOOLMASTER

by Karin Anckarsvärd; translated by Annabelle MacMillan; illustrated by Paul Galdone. When Cecilia and Michael accidently discover the new science teacher in ominously suspicious activities, they find themselves in deadly peril. Ages 8-12. $3.00

THE TIGER'S WHISKER

AND OTHER TALES AND LEGENDS FROM ASIA AND THE PACIFIC

by Harold Courlander; illustrated by Enrico Arno. A well-known folklorist presents a varied collection of adventurous and humorous tales for children and for storytellers. Ages 8-12. $3.25

TROUBLE FOR TOMAS

by Franz Hutterer; translated by Joyce Emerson; illustrated by Irene Schreiber. The charming, warmly told story of a young Yugoslav boy whose efforts to recover his dearly loved donkey prove successful only when a colorful traveling circus comes to his village. Ages 8-12. $2.50

THE MISSING VIOLIN

by Jean Bothwell; illustrated by Artur F. Marokvia. A year in India soon after World War I holds unexpected, exciting adventures for the Tennant children. Ages 10-14. $3.25

MIRROR WITH A MEMORY

THE ART OF PHOTOGRAPHY

by Charles Michael Daugherty; illustrated with 50 photographs. The basic principles of design and composition, as well as the history, mechanics, and opportunities of photography, are lucidly explored in text and specially selected pictures. Ages 12 up. $3.25

LEAP INTO DANGER

by Leif Hamre; translated by Evelyn Ramsden. This taut, dramatic story of survival against great odds, when two young Norwegian pilots parachute into a snowbound wilderness, takes the reader into the very heart of danger. Ages 12 up. $2.95

WILD PONY ISLAND

by Stephen W. Meader; illustrated by Charles Beck. Mr. Meader's firsthand experience on the island of Ocracoke, off the North Carolina coast, is reflected in this vivid story of a city boy growing up in a beautiful, unspoiled part of America. Ages 12 up. $2.95

THE BEAST MASTER

by Andre Norton. Readers of *Star Rangers* and *Star Gate* will welcome this brilliantly imagined science-fiction tale of Hosteen Storm and his Commando team — an eagle, a giant cat, and two meerkats. Ages 14 up. $3.00

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Illustrations by Hans Fischer from *Puss in Boots*

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him. No caps. He looked in back of him. No caps. He looked . . .

The first is complete, precise, perfected. The second is dull and deficient.

It may also be noted that this kind of direct, repetitive writing is almost invariably effective with young children. Perhaps this is because it makes it easy to come to a sense of familiarity with the story, to know what is coming next; for unlike grownups, who often feel that a book is spoiled if they know how it will end, children want to be assured ahead of time that questions will be answered and wrong set right. And what child does not enjoy being able to join the narrator when the story comes to known rejoinders and refrains?

So it appears that in considering books for young children the matter of style, as well as content and presentation, must be referred to the children themselves and to the ways in which they respond to the heard-aloud word. Happily, children are capable of vastly different kinds and levels of response. They can settle down to the sober work of understanding an important explanation; they can dream with the poets; they can listen attentively to humor and then spill into laughter as the joke catches them.

If children are so fully and generously aware of books, it is important to pay attention to such questions as thematic appropriateness, integrity of form and development, style of writing. How this is to be done is a highly personal affair. Educated intuition is a far better guide than reliance on enumerated criteria or a hypothetical checklist that implies that any book which scores a hundred will be a success with all children. In the end, it is a matter of liking the books—but with reason.

Fun for the Very Young

THE LITTLE BROWN HORSE. *By Margaret G. Otto. Illustrated by Barbara Cooney. Knopf. Unpaged.* $2.50. A little brown horse discovers new farmyard babies, all born on the same day. Very young children will probably raise no objections to all these coincidences. The beautifully detailed drawings by Barbara Cooney, who won the 1959 Caldecott Award for her "Chanticleer and the Fox," make this small book a work of art. Ages 3-5.

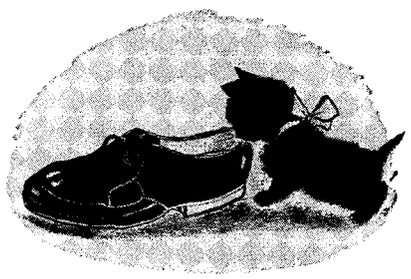
HOW TO WATCH A PARADE. *Written and illustrated by William A. McCaffery. Harper. Unpaged.* $1.50. This dissertation on parade-watching gives how-to help on that engrossing topic. More time might have been spent on the parades themselves, but there is enough to heighten the pleasure of any child who likes to see, or better, be in one. Ages 3-6.

THE SMALLEST ELEPHANT IN THE WORLD. *By Alvin Tresselt. Illustrated by Milton Glazer. Knopf. Unpaged.* $2.95. The expert author of many distinguished books about true and natural events tries fantasy this time. The result is disappointing—naïve, contrived, some charm, no character. Ages 3-6.

WHO HAS SEEN THE WIND? *By Marion Conger. Illustrated by Susan Perl. Abingdon. Unpaged.* $2. Mary asks everyone, "Who has Seen the Wind?" No one has, though the milkman has felt it, and Daddy can even discuss its usefulness to ships and airplanes. The book stretches Rossetti's point thin, and confuses it with illustrations of a personified wind throughout. Ages 3-6.

HELLO AND GOODBYE. *By Mary Ann Hoberman. Illustrated by Norman Hoberman. Little, Brown. 88 pp.* $2.50. The province of most of these neat, pleasant poems is close to home: "Hiding," "Brother," "Bicycle," "Snow," "Swimming," but there are a few exotic touches like the Gypsy who was "roaming from Poughkeepsie to Wyoming." Ages 3-7.

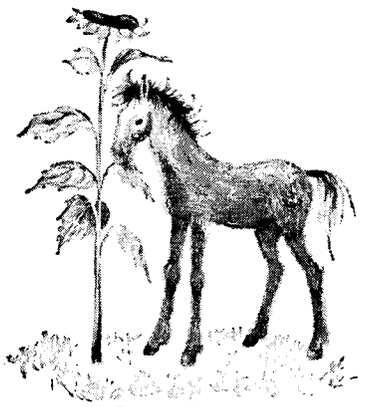
SCAREDY CAT. *By Phyllis Krasilovsky. Illustrated by Ninon. Macmillan. Unpaged,* $2. Any kitten lover, confirmed or potential, will enjoy these appealing pictures and the simple story of how a new kitten gets used to his human family. Ages 3-7.



—From "Scaredy Cat."

CHICKEN LITTLE COUNT-TO-TEN. *By Margaret Friskey. Illustrated by Katherine Evans. Grosset & Dunlap. Unpaged.* $1. One (1) cow, two (2) elephants, . . . ten (10) foxes try to show Chicken-Little how to get a drink. A counting book with a story of sorts. Pleasantly illustrated and pleasantly priced, too. Ages 4-6.

FATHER BEAR COMES HOME. *By Else Holmelund Minarik. Illustrated by Maurice Sendak. Harper. 62 pp.* $1.95. The softness and security of Little Bear's family appear once more, but the precarious fancy that held so happily through the first book has somehow been dissipated in this sequel. Father Bear might have stayed away just a little longer, until Mrs. Minarik found plots worthy of the family tradition she and Mr. Sendak have established. Ages 4-7.



—From "The Little Brown Horse."

BOBBY'S NEIGHBORS. *By Joyce Boyle. Illustrated by Hertha Depper. Abingdon. 96 pp.* $2. Utterly unpretentious stories about pleasant, familiar things such as finding a puppy, building a snowman, and shopping for Christmas presents. A welcome contrast to the increasingly "slick" character of children's books. Ages 4-7.

MOUSE AT SEA. *Written and illustrated by Robert Kraus. Harper. Unpaged.* $1.95. "It was exciting to board the ship and it was good of my dear friends to see me off," said Mouse at the start of this sophisticated account of an ocean cruise. Although many references are more adult than those usually prescribed for children, the hero is so jaunty, the style so consistently light, the cartoons so precisely in key that the story is likely to please both children and grownups. Ages 4-7.

BUSY BODIES: The Busy ABC's. *By Clare Bowman. Illustrated by Virginia Carten. Rand McNally. Unpaged.* $2.75. An alphabet book that is also a valid concept book, from the busy airplane to the busy zookeeper. Each section is interesting in itself and may be used without reference to the alphabet—a welcome phenomenon in juveniles of this type. Ages 4-7.

THE LITTLEST BEAR. *Written and illustrated by Inez Hogan. Dutton. Unpaged.* $2.50. By placing Little Bear in situations analagous to those met by human young, and by showing how the cub moves from dependence on his mother to reliance on his own capacity to think, this book attempts to show young children "the thinking way." Unfortunately, the "feeling way" and the importance of affective ties are all but omitted. Ages 4-7.

DANNY'S LUCK. *By Lavinia R. Davis. Illustrated by Hildegard Woodward. Doubleday. Unpaged.* $2.59. This story of Danny's combination Halloween-and-birthday celebration is full of fun and surprises. Children will enjoy the flavor of fall and the holiday in the illustrations. Ages 4-7.

ADVENTURES OF A BEAGLE. *By T. L. McCready, Jr. Illustrated by Tasha Tudor. Ariel. Unpaged.* $2.75. In the first pages of this realistic, affectionate, but rather diffuse story Emily Warner spends her long-saved allowance to buy a pedigreed

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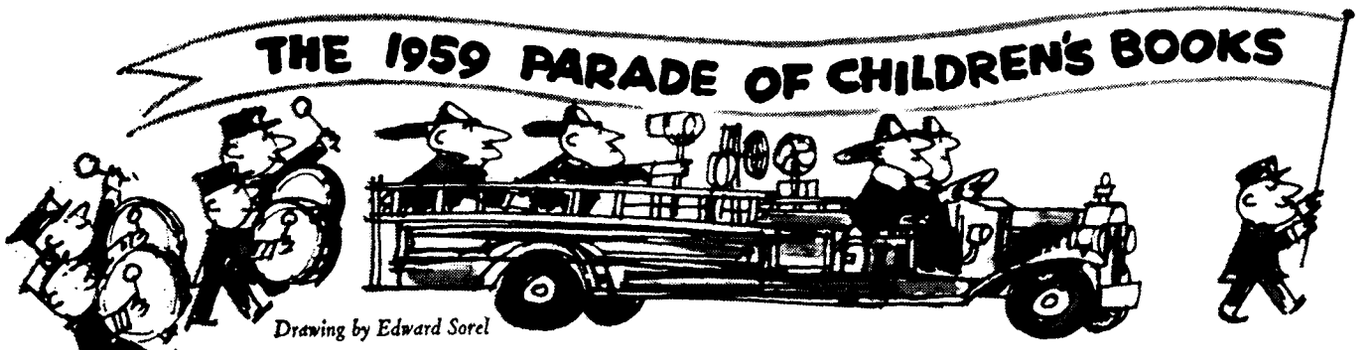

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—From "The Littlest Bear."

puppy. The ensuing pages chronicle the dog's growth from mischief to motherhood, during which Emily all but disappears. Ages 4-8.

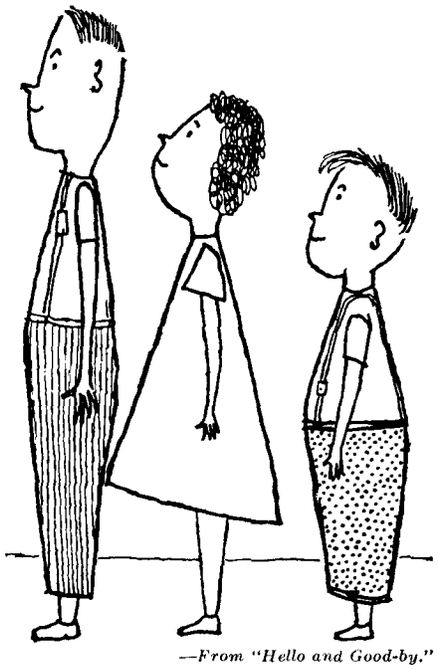
BOXES ARE WISHES. *By Dorothy W. Shepherd. Illustrated by Phyllis Lee. Steck. 32 pp.* $1.75. Unlike many of the so-called easy-readers this book (which uses a 72-word vocabulary) is actually for First Graders. What is more the story—except for a weak ending—is commendable and even manages to include some good ideas for outdoor play with cardboard boxes. Ages 4-7.

THE SNOW PARTY. *By Beatrice Schenk deRegniers. Illustrated by Reiner Zimnik. Pantheon. Unpaged.* $2.75. "There was this little old woman and this little old man and they lived in a little old farmhouse 'way out in Dakota" cannot introduce anything but a legend—and legend it is although just written and based on a true event of 1957. This hilarious story runs straight to its wonderful end without one error of cadence, one unnecessary repetition of its several refrains, one episode which does not contribute to the humor of the unwinding tale. The book is not only well written, it has song and style of its own. Ages 4-8.

NOT A TEENY WEENY WINK. *Written and illustrated by Richard Bennett. Doubleday. 56 pp.* $2.50. Two boys camp out overnight. A big noise that might be a bear (the illustration shows it's a cow) sends them running home. The next morning when Daddy goes outdoors to wake the boys he is alarmed to see a bear hurrying from the tent. Whether this is the stuff of belly-laughs or apprehensions is a judgment no reviewer can presume to make for a parent. Ages 5-8.

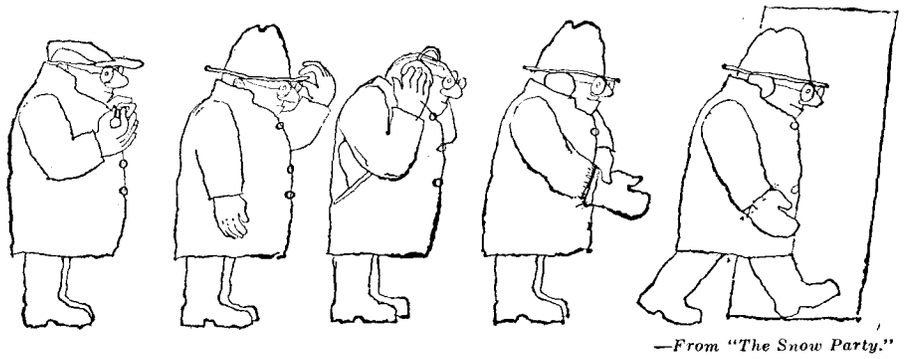
BILLIE. *By Esphyr Slobodkina. Illustrated by Meg Wohlberg. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard. Unpaged.* $2.75. How a tomboy becomes a ballet-school star and likes it. The transformation is necessarily simplified and may be too pat for real-life Billies who prefer denim to velveteen. Pleasantly illustrated. Ages 5-8.

HUBERT'S HAIR-RAISING ADVENTURE. *Written and illustrated by Bill Peet. Houghton Mifflin. 38 pp.* $3. On the last page of this picture book a lion sits and smiles, his face framed in a square mane. Because of the incongruity, there is a touch of real humor here that is lacking in the rest of the book. The story concerns Hubert (who loses his mane in a blaze) and his kindly jungle friends. After the application of crocodile tears secured from an astonishingly ugly crocodile, Hubert sprouts a sea of a mane, in which the other animals become violently and hideously entangled. Though Bill Peet's lines trip along gaily, his book demonstrates that the genuinely comical is not produced by letting fantasy run riot; nor does the slapstick caricaturing of familiar animals necessarily make them funny. The over-all quality of this picture book is closer to that of a nightmare than a comedy. Ages 5-8.



—From "Hello and Good-by."

LUCY McLOCKETT. *By Phyllis McGinley. Drawings by Helen Stone. Lippincott. Unpaged.* $3. Six-year-old Lucy is helped to stop losing things through the humorous and sensible advice of Mr. Repairs, who comes to her rescue when she has lost herself in a department store. Cheers for a picture book that has surprises in its rhymes and fun in its words. Ages 5-8.



—From "The Snow Party."

—From "A Pony for the Winter."

PUPTENTS AND PEBBLES: A Nonsense ABC. *By William Jay Smith. Illustrated by Juliet Kepes. Atlantic-Little, Brown. 32 pp.* $2.75. Don't give this book to baby! Only sophisticated readers, like children and grownups, should be allowed such fun and wisdom as "M is for mask/ It changes a lot/ To add a new face/ To the face you have got/ Then the person you are/ Is the person you're not." Ages 5-9.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU! *Written and illustrated by Dr. Seuss. Random House. Unpaged.* $2.95. Pell-mell verse describes the devoted frenzy with which birthdays are greeted in Katroo. Like its predecessors, this new Dr. Seuss book is likely to be wildly (if inexplicably) successful with children. Full-color plates throughout are undeniably gay. Ages 5-9.

LAST ONE HOME IS A GREEN PIG. *By Edith Thacher Hurd. Illustrated by Clement Hurd. Harper. 64 pp.* $1.95. This gay tale of a race between a monkey and a duck makes ingenious use of a limited vocabulary. The necessary word repetitions contribute to the humor and suspense of the story. One of the "I Can Read" series. Ages 6-8.

A PONY FOR THE WINTER. *By Helen Kay. Illustrated by Ingrid Fetz. Ariel. 48 pp.* $2.75. Getting Mother to agree to board a pony is hard; taking care of him all winter is harder, and giving him up again in the spring is hardest of all. Perhaps it is the real difficulties in the situation that make this book so much more believable than other girl-horse stories; or perhaps it is the author's ear for the way real children talk and think. Ages 6-9.

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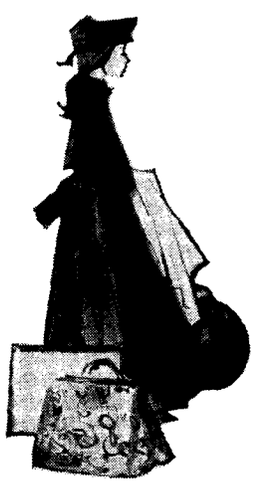

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Juveniles in a Changing Culture

By IRMA SIMONTON BLACK

TODAY'S cultural changes are almost as dramatic as scientific advances. If it is difficult even for daily newspapers to keep up to date, small wonder that book publishers are faced with a problem. We in America are moving with increasing speed into an urban, industrial society, which has not yet been adequately reflected in books for children. We are moving into a genuinely mixed racial-cultural-class civilization. This, also, has been far too neglected in juvenile books.

This failure to present to children the way we live may be seen in its most extreme form in the school "reader," which, ironically, is the reading matter to which many children of minority groups and lower economic status are exposed most often. As noted by John H. Niemeyer in his article "Splitting the Social Atom" [*SR*, Sept. 12], a steady diet of books that portray only upper-middle-class, white families may materially increase the feeling of alienation and insecurity which many minority-group children already feel. Indeed, experienced teachers have suggested that some of these youngsters appear to be slow readers because they are not only not interested but are actively resistant to the content of the books given them to read.

—From "Two Is a Team."

Majority-group children are deprived in a different way by a one-sided view of life. Years ago Lillian Smith remarked in an article in *Common Ground* about segregation in the South:

> It would be difficult to decide which character is maimed the more—the white or the Negro—after living a life in the Southern framework of segregation . . . Every illiterate Negro who is shut off from schooling is matched by a white who deliberately shuts himself away from knowledge and honest thinking; every sensitive, loving, perceptive Negro's hurt is equaled by the aching conflict between conscience and culture which the civilized Southerner endures all his life.

The reviews following this article reflect the ratio of truly intercultural books to others published by the large trade houses. Yet, blessedly free of the need to pussyfoot on a nationwide scale, trade firms have given children a more accurate picture of American life than textbook publishers. But they have more to do—particularly in the inexpensive book market. The families of the very children who need them most are least likely to have the $2.50 or $3 that the average trade book costs. They are also the least likely to know how to search for suitable books for their children.

It is not easy to write stories that offer acceptance rather than "tolerance"; which matter-of-factly present a mixed group without overstressing the point; which are neither moralistic nor patronizing. In early examples of intercultural stories the little Chinese boy became the class hero when the group discovered that the Chinese had invented fireworks, or the little colored boy was invited to join the ball team the day after Jackie Robinson made a home run. These attempts were valiant and utterly sincere, but in their way books of this type contributed as much to unnecessary consciousness of differences as to the understanding of the common human needs of all people.

In stories for children, it is just as important to present different economic groups, with their human quality and equality, as it is to portray children of varying cultures and races. What are youngsters whose fathers work in a factory—or for that matter whose fathers have high-pressure white-collar jobs—to make of the kindly father who has hours and hours to spend with his children? There are an amazing number of fathers of this type in books for older children and teen-agers. While many good books are available about the work that men do—as postman, fireman, policeman—in most of these the man is seen only as a worker in a dramatic role, rather than in a family setting. The farmer is the only working man who has been given a real break in juvenile stories, and even his way of living is remote to the 90 per cent of American children who live in cities

—From "Muggsy."

or suburbs. There are also very few working mothers in stories even though we know that the mothers of many school-age children actually do have jobs outside the home. The present-day cultural picture of America—its work patterns, its leisure patterns, its communities—simply is not being adequately pictured in books for young people. Yet every child enjoys finding a family similar to his own in some of his books.

This is not to suggest that books be written specifically for low-income minority groups of any kind. To do so would merely be a subtle form of literary segregation. What we need are more books for all children about different kinds of children playing and working together, as well as books about different racial, cultural, or socio-economic groups. Many middle-class children, after all, live in relatively crowded conditions. They, too, watch old houses being demolished to make way for a new housing project or a new highway. They must cross streams of traffic on foot and play ball on the sidewalks. They have trouble finding places to live in crowded towns; they move as their fathers (and perhaps their mothers) get new jobs in new places. They have one-parent families. They, like their minority-group friends, need the chance to find children of all social, economic, racial, and cultural groups as legitimate heroes in stories and as subjects for pictures in the books they read in school and at home.

In recent years there have been some pioneer efforts made to present our society more realistically. **"Two Is a Team,"** by Jerrold Beim (Harcourt, Brace, $2.50), tells the story of a couple of small boys engaged in a joint enterprise—and there is no mention except in the illustrations of the fact that one is white and the other colored. In **"Twenty-One Children,"** by Virginia Ormsby (Lippincott, $2.25), the entrance of a Puerto Rican child into a kindergarten is handled with the utmost simplicity. "On Wednesday our

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bird got out! . . . On Thursday a new girl came to our room. Her name was Emmelina. When we said, 'Good morning, she said, *'Buenos días.'*" On Friday the group took a trip around the school. In **"Where Are the Mothers,"** a new book by Dorothy Marino (Lippincott, $2.50), mothers are shown at work in school, store, office and home.

As in all other areas of knowledge and understanding, the approach to this problem of intergroup relations must be geared to the level of the child reader. For the picture-book age, the best method is indirect, casual, often only evident in the illustrations. Children in their early years are usually so unaware of differences that it is unfortunate to stress them. In one kindergarten group a small blond boy and a very dark little Negro boy became fast friends. One day the blond child said to their teacher, "Hey look, we're different." The teacher waited resignedly to hear the expected comment on color. She heard it. "Tommy's sweater is red and mine's green!"

However, the school-age child of eight or nine or older, may be mature enough so that some of the themes relevant to the intercultural, interracial, interclass community may be handled directly both in fact and in fiction. A pioneer effort in this direction was **"All About Us,"** by Eva Knox Evans (Capitol, $2.50). It is written with simplicity and a touch of humor. "Wouldn't it be silly if we all looked alike? . . . Of course, teachers would not be able to tell any of the children in their classes apart, and you might get blamed for something you hadn't done at all." **"Captain of the Planter,"** by Dorothy Sterling (Doubleday, $2.95), is the true, exciting, and sometimes sad story of the remarkable Robert Smalls, who was born a slave, later went to Congress, and lived to see his people denied the vote. Older children and teen-agers of all races can identify with the book's hero. In **"The Hundred Dresses,"** by Eleanor Estes (Harcourt, Brace, $3), the ten-year-old heroine is much less privileged than her classmates, yet their eventual sympathetic understanding of her is convincingly presented.

Each year there are a number of

—From "The Happy Birthday Umbrella."

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My name is HUBERT

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The haughtiest of lions snatches triumph from disaster in **HUBERT'S HAIR-RAISING ADVENTURE** by Walt Disney artist Bill Peet (9/8, $3.00). Two other funny bits of nonsense are **BOO** by Robert Barry (9/22, $1.75), about a true heroine among cows, and **THE HUNGRY SEA MONSTER** by Barbara Hobbs (9/8, $2.75), which solves the rather unusual problem of what sea monsters eat. **WHISTLE FOR A PILOT** by Laura Bannon (8/25, $3.00) and **VOYAGE OF THE SEA WIND** by Hetty Burlingame Beatty (8/25, $3.00) are exciting stories of boys and boats — one set in the Bay of Fundy, the other in not always sunny Bermuda. And in **THE BABY DRAGON** by Witold T. Mars (10/22, $2.75) things are set right by a lovely Christmas Eve miracle.*

There is lots of plot in **TREASURES OF RATTLESNAKE HILL** by Elizabeth Baker (9/22, $2.75), a mystery set in the Berkshires, **ALASKAN HUNTER** by Florence Hayes (9/22, $3.00), about two boys in the remote Arctic regions, and **EMMY AND THE BLUE DOOR** by Florence Crannell Means (10/22, $3.00), romance in Mexico. The dry wit and Old World atmosphere of Mount Athos pervade the stories of a Greek village in **AGAIN CHRISTOPHILOS** by Joice NanKivell (9/22, $2.25), and the spirit of the first century A.D. is magnificently recaptured by Olivia Coolidge in **ROMAN PEOPLE** (9/15, $3.00).

For scientists, both amateur and professional (and anyone who is just plain curious), we have two books by Isaac Asimov. **WORDS OF SCIENCE** (8/25, $5.00) is a fascinating exploration into the roots and histories of scientific terms, and **REALM OF NUMBERS** (10/15, $2.75) is a clear and imaginative approach to mathematics.

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY
Boston

good books for children presenting interesting information about other lands and other ways of living, either in stories or exposition. These books may catch the imagination, awaken the interest, and increase the knowledge of children in the middle and older years. They begin to understand that people's ways of meeting universal human problems may differ in many respects and still be valid.

Books about different ways of living are needed, of course, but they are not the complete answer to the American child in his search for his cultural identity. Just as a young child cannot move outside his own family group with confidence until he feels truly a part of it, so the older child cannot meet other ways of living and other kinds of people with true understanding until he feels an accepted part of the group to which he belongs. In order to feel that sense of belonging, every child needs the opportunity to see his increasingly mixed society reflected in his books.

Other Peoples, Other Places

THE HAPPY BIRTHDAY UMBRELLA. *By David Cornel DeJong. Illustrated by Harvey Weiss. Atlantic-Little, Brown.* 50 *pp.* $2.75. Spontaneous fun with a castoff umbrella makes a marvelous frolic of one boy's birthday. The inclusion of a gay, able-bodied grandmother is a refreshing touch. And the many secondary figures which suggest varied national types without caricature are welcome and worthy of note. Ages 5-8.

MUGGSY. *By Marion Holland. Illustrated by Theresa Sherman. Knopf. Unpaged.* $2.50. Everyone is afraid of the big, ugly dog except Peter, who learns that looks don't matter when you want a pal. The story is valid and appealing in itself, and its theme is amplified by the artist's friendly drawings of an interracial neighborhood. Ages 5-9.

FOUR LEAF CLOVER. *By William Lipkind. Illustrated by Nicholas Mordvinoff. Harcourt, Brace. Unpaged.* $3. This story resembles a comic book in its straight, stripped tale of the fantastic adventures of two small boys on a summer's day. The illustrator has made a praiseworthy attempt to introduce an interracial note by making one of the boys a Negro. However, this reviewer doubts whether children will recognize this since in one picture the boy's face is red, in another green, and in still another gray or half-gray. Ages 5-9.

WHISTLE FOR A PILOT. *Written and Illustrated by Laura Bannon.* 48 *pp.* $3. An unusually well-plotted and sympathetic story about a boat-loving boy on the Nova Scotia coast. Interesting and apparently authentic information is an integral part of the fast-moving narrative. Distinctive typography and fine illustrations. Ages 6-9.

BIANCA. *By Lillian K. Gorfinkle. Illustrated by Silvia O. Rosenberg. Rand McNally.* 61 *pp.* $2.75. A smoothly written story set in rural Italy. How Bianca's problem of getting to school across a flooded stream is solved with the unexpected help of movie-makers provides a warm story in an interesting locale. Ages 7-9.

CANDITA'S CHOICE. *By Mina Lewiton. Illustrated by Howard Simon. Harper.* 185 *pp.* $2.95. An honest and interesting portrayal of a little Puerto Rican girl's gradual adjustment to life in chilly, crowded New York. There is no glossing-over of difficult conditions, children unsupervised after school, and other problems faced by new Puerto Rican arrivals. The pictures are skilfully and sympathetically drawn. Ages 8-11.

GETTING TO KNOW HAWAII. *By Barnett D. Laschever. Illustrated by Haris Petie. Coward-McCann.* 64 *pp.* $2.50. This workmanlike book by the travel editor of the *New York Herald Tribune* is one of a series about other lands and peoples. The geography, history, and customs of our newest state are well presented, along with the point that Hawaii is living evidence of the fact that people of different origins can live peacefully together. Ages 8-12.

TROUBLE FOR TOMAS. *By Franz Hutterer. Translated from the German by Joyce Emerson. Illustrated by Irene Schreiber. Harcourt, Brace.* 121 *pp.* $2.50. When his mother is forced to sell Jascha, the donkey, Tomás loses his pet. Then after a series of events that children will find not only exciting but heartwarming, Jascha is back with Tomás. The story is set in a Yugoslav fishing village, and very successfully conveys the flavor of the locale and its people. Ages 8-12.

COAL CAMP GIRL. *Written and illustrated by Lois Lenski. Lippincott.* 173 *pp.* $3.95.

—From "The Promised Year."

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—*From "Trouble for Tomas."*

The hazards, hardships, and pleasures of a mining town are seen through the eyes of a real and likable girl. It is possible, though, this talented author-artist has taken a bit of poetic license in the number of disasters and near-disasters included in the story. Ages 8-12.

THE PROMISED YEAR. *By Yoshido Uchida. Illustrated by William M. Hutchinson. Harcourt, Brace.* 190 *pp.* $3. This story of a young Japanese girl's year in California includes a good deal of interesting background material. Keiko is a believable and pleasant character, and her experiences with her aunt and uncle and her American friends are sympathetically presented. Ages 9-12.

—*From "Bianca."*

WALT DISNEY'S PEOPLE AND PLACES. *By Jane Werner Watson. Kodachromes by Walt Disney Studio. Golden Press.* 176 *pp.* $4.95. The twelve sections of this book are travelogues in print. They present those "few remaining places where the old ways are carefully preserved by people who cherish ancestral cultures and ancient legacies." The full-color photographs are as handsome as might be expected of a Disney production and successfully complement the straightforward text. Ages 10-14.

THE LAND AND PEOPLE OF ICELAND. *By Erick Berry. Lippincott.* 126 *pp.* $2.95. This land, full of contrasts and paradoxes (glaciers and hot springs, darkness and light) is presented in terse, interesting style. The book, one of the Portraits of the Nations series, describes a land that is interesting, historically, geographically, and culturally. Ages 11 up.

ONION JOHN. *By Joseph Krumgold. Illustrated by Symeon Shimin. Crowell.* 248 *pp.* $3. This story of a boy's friendship with a lovable and eccentric old immigrant is told with compassion and humor. Andy's relationship with Onion John, who mixes age-old superstition with human understanding, brings about a conflict between the boy and his father, who hopes his son will be a great scientist. The book is beautifully written. An example follows: "Well, he said he never heard of any father who would send his only son to the moon. He heard of kings putting their boys on top of a castle. Or in a cave with a dragon outside. But I was the first he ever came across, getting shipped to the moon. . . ." Ages 12 up.

THE GIRL FROM NOWHERE. *By Bertha Von Gebhardt. Illustrated by Helen Brun. Translated from the German by James Kirkup. Criterion.* 190 *pp.* $3.25. Although the author lives in West Berlin, the street and the children she writes about could be anywhere. Mrs. Von Gebhardt understands children's quick, shifting, strong feelings. She has written a beautiful, suspenseful book. Ages 8-12.

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FIERCE JOHN. *Edward Fenton; illustrated by William Pène du Bois.* An ordinary little boy causes plenty of excitement on the day he decides that he is a lion! An easy reading book. Ages 4 to 8. $2.00

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The Fantasy-Reality Dilemma

By BETTY MILES

WHAT about fantasy vs. reality? Probably no question about books for children can arouse a more heated response from parents, teachers, librarians, and reviewers.

Perhaps this issue is so absorbing because it springs from a sincere adult perplexity as to what is basic and strengthening in a confused world; perhaps it grows out of a characteristically American concern over a perceived gap between science and humanism; perhaps the swinging pendulum of child-development practice seems to favor first one kind of book and then the other. Whatever the reason, the question is very much alive among people who are concerned with children's books.

And so in the very same week that a magazine carries a bachelor poet's diatribe against the dump-truck-and-factory genre of juvenile, the child-development expert horrifies the P-TA ladies with his Freudian précis of Little Red Riding Hood.

Thus each faction clings to its pole of the dichotomy, expending valuable experience with books and children on a question that is—as most either-or questions must always be—essentially ill-phrased and distractive.

The truth seems to be that, from among the approximately 1,500 books for children produced annually, it is easy to find target books of both types. As inexorably as the turning of the two major seasons (pre-Christmas and spring), there appear books of fact that are dreary and mundane, in which the child is dragged on a vast instructional tour through every conceivable kind of industrial plant and under every geodesic layer. "Let's Visit a Bowling Alley" vies with "Great-Aunts Can Be Fun" for space on the bookstore shelf—labeled, of course, SCIENCE. Though some unsuccessful books of fantasy may be less dull, the worst of them range from elfin to bizarre to downright vulgar. Many of these really fantastic stories deny the child's own capacity for creativity and can, if he is unsure of himself to start with, increase his apprehension about the world. Fact or fantasy, a bad book is an insult to the child reader.

When a juvenile book is outstanding, whether it is fact or fantasy is again a secondary consideration. That most of the indisputable classics for children have been fantasy probably accounts for the tendency of well-read, intelligent adults to expect nothing but dull exposition from a children's book that is clearly informational. But beauty of form and language is not the exclusive property of fantasy. People like Rachel Carson have proved this on the adult level. Writers and artists of comparable caliber prove it, season after season, with their books for children. Ylla's photographs of animals. Alvin Tresselt's books about the seasons, the current reissue of Ernest Thompson Seton, Russell Hoban's startling new book about road machinery, Millicent Selsam's books about plant life—these and many others are important demonstrations that "factual" does not mean "tedious."

With books about the everyday world in which children move appearing in almost repetitious abundance, it is hard to realize that as recently as forty years ago such books simply did not exist. "**The Here and Now Story Book,**" by Lucy Sprague Mitchell, which appeared in 1921 and was revised in 1948 (Dutton, $3), reflected the day-by-day activities of children's lives, and made them more than commonplace. If some of the books that followed this pioneering classic were banal in their reiteration of nursery routine, the principle behind them—that the child is not a miniature adult but a person with interests, tastes, aspirations of his own—remains valid.

And from this principle has come a new kind of "fact" book, whose content has shifted from the here-and-now of tugboats and steam shovels to the here-and-now of human relationships. An-

—From "The Blue Fairy Book."

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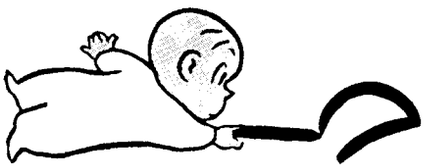


—From "Harold and the Purple Crayon."

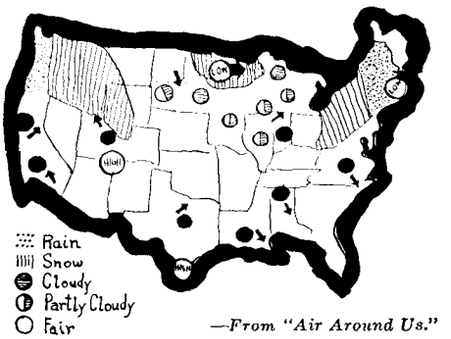
thors like Charlotte Zolotow, Robert McCloskey, Laura Ingalls Wilder, Lois Lenski, Elizabeth Enright, Beatrice Schenk de Regniers, and others sensitively explore the facts of friendship, love, wonder, joy, even sorrow, as the child knows them. Books about the human condition are "fact books"and they are no more to be dismissed than the many beautifully written books of biography, history, and world events available for young readers. The immediate world of person-to-nature, person-to-person is the content of the majority of novels that move us most. The "fact" books for children whose content is this same compelling world are perhaps the most important contribution of the juvenile publishing industry to children's literature in the past decade, but they have yet to be considered as a group by the adult critic who looks for beauty and meaning and finds it only in the acknowledged classics.

This is not to disparage the classics, which, quite rightly, are considered an important part of every child's reading. Although new classics do appear in every generation, much of the best of juvenile fantasy was written long ago. An outstanding group of classics has been reissued this fall by the Random House Looking Glass Library, which presents such books as Lang's "**The Blue Fairy Book**," in editions that are both handsome and surprisingly inexpensive ($1.50 each.) The age level for most of the Looking Glass reprints is set at eight and up, a useful acknowledgment that even the best of fantasy is inappropriate for the youngster who cannot grasp its premise of unreality. But the child who is certain of his real world —with the uncertainties that the real world involves—will delight in a make-believe story that is as unreal, as adventuresome, even as scary as his dreams; and as sure as his waking-up.

For the younger child, successful fantasy is really nothing more than pretend—a toying with understood reality Books like "Peter Rabbit," in which the hero-animal behaves as predictably as a child, delight him "**Backward Day**," by Ruth Krauss (Harper, $2), is funny to the young child because he is firmly sure of the pattern of his own frontwards day "**What Do You Say, Dear**," by Sesyle Joslin (Scott, $2.75), one of the few really laugh-aloud books for young children, makes a joke of the politeness a child is pushed into by adults, but it is firmly based on the reality of politeness as a useful, and often pleasant, way of behaving.

Fantasy has strict boundaries of its own. In order to write valid stories of this kind, the author must set his limits so clearly that the child sees them (he must say, in effect: "Here is what is going to be allowed in my story") and then he must stay within his framework. Children are baffled when a story does not provide details necessary to its plot. If a magic ladder can reach to the sky, where do you put it when you aren't using it? If a pig can speak to people, how does he manage his life in a sty with real, nonverbal pigs?

In "**Harold and the Purple Crayon**," (Harper, $1.50), Crockett Johnson tells quite reasonably how Harold draws himself a magic world with his purple crayon and lives consistently within it. But what can we make of "**Lolly's Pony Ride**," by Charlotte Steiner (Doubleday, $2.75), the story of a real girl who begs for a horse for Christmas, is given a rocking horse, and solaces herself by drawing a pretend one, on which she rides around her real living room? No fair! Logic is one of the most beguiling aspects of fantasy, and accounts for the success of Hans Fischer's new adaptation of "**Puss-in-Boots**" (Harcourt,



—From "Air Around Us."

Brace, $3), in which the matter-of-fact hows of the whole fantastic story are interpolated: "It is not at all easy for a cat to stand in boots and to walk on two legs. This he first had to learn. He practised secretly during the night . . ."

Pretending, like knowing, is part of being human. Children's days are full of leaps from the literal to the make-believe and back again. They need books that are as varied as their own shifting moods and interests. It would be as absurd to provide books of a single kind for a child as it would be to limit an adult's reading to nothing but novels or newspapers. Surely there is no real "fantasy-vs.-reality" dilemma, but only the careful work of choosing for children the best of all the variety of books available for them today.

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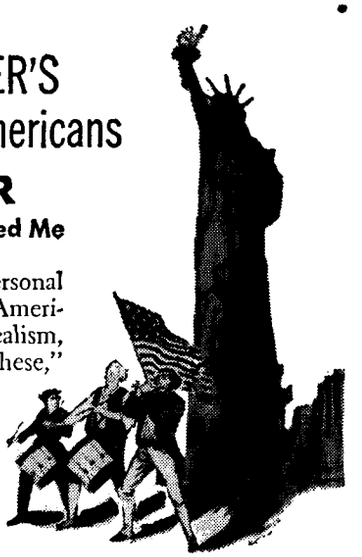

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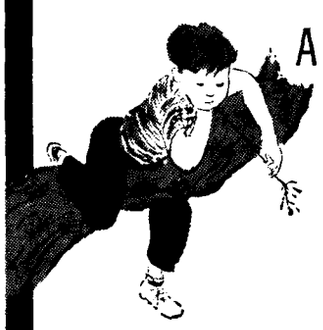

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3 LITTLE HORSES AT THE KING'S PALACE. *Written and illustrated by Piet Worm. Random House. Unpaged.* $2.50. Like many sequels, this one does not equal its predecessor. A strange combination of fantasy, reality, and morality, the book fits neither category nor shelf. But young children may enjoy the unusual eighteen-inch-high format and the pictures of the little horses. Ages 4-7.

THE TIGER HUNT. *Written and illustrated by Mary Villarejo. Knopf. Unpaged.* $2.75. A gay, childlike fantasy, from the immediacy of its beginning: "I was riding on my elephant. . . ." to the surprise at its end. The tiger burns brightly in his emerald-green setting, but he is just scary enough to add suspense, and not a bit more. Ages 4-7.

LET'S FIND OUT WHAT'S BIG AND WHAT'S SMALL. *By Martha and Charles Shapp. Illustrated by Vana Earle. Franklin Watts. Unpaged.* $1.95. Ninety-one words are instructively employed in this book about the relative meaning of size. A few more words and explicit distinctions between perceived and actual size might have made the book more conceptually precise. Ages 4-8.

STOP THAT BALL! *By Mike McClintock. Illustrated by Fritz Siebel. Random House Beginner Books. Unpaged.* $1.95. The simplest of all plot structures: "and then, and then, and then" underlies this very lively story of a lad, his bat, and the way the ball bounces. A subject of special interest to boys beginning to read. Ages 4-7.

SIR HALLOWEEN. *By Jerrold Beim. Illustrated by Tracy Sugarman. Morrow, Junior Books. 34 pp.* $2.50. A plausible story about a boy, a costume, and some hopes for a Halloween prize. The larger point, that sharing an award may be more fun than winning solitary distinction, is well made. Ages 5-9.

THE LITTLEST WITCH. *By Jeanne Massey. Illustrated by Adrienne Adams. Knopf. Unpaged.* $2.75. The heroine of this story is a little Halloween witch who does not like witchery and turns out to be a kindly, "good" witch. The story appears to have been written partly with the intent to remove some of the fright from the idea of witches. One questions such dilution of a useful emotional symbol for children over five. Ages 5-9.

—From "Tale of a Meadow."

THE BLIND MEN AND THE ELEPHANT. *Retold by Lillian Quigley. Illustrated by Janice Holland. Scribners. Unpaged.* $2.95. Excellent retelling of an old Indian fable, beautifully illustrated. The sound intellectual point that "to find out the whole truth we must put all the parts together" would be stronger if this were actually done in the story. Even so, this is a delightful book. Ages 6-9.

JUST LIKE DAVID. *By Marguerite de Angeli. Doubleday. 122 pp.* $2.50. This chronicle of a family's long automobile trip from Pennsylvania to a new home in Ohio is a satisfying story of family fun, and also offers a lively picture of the changing countryside in a historical framework appropriate for the young reader. Ages 6-9.

A FEATHER BED FOR TOBY TOD. *By Katherine Reeves. Illustrated by Grace Paull. Crowell. 56 pp.* $3. A big, fluffy feather bed is a fine symbol of stability. Toby Tod longs to stay in the town of Golden Pond, where his new friends have such beds, but his peddler uncle is not the settling kind. Both pictures and situations convey a sense of what a small town was like at the turn of the century. And a valid compromise is reached at the book's end. Ages 6-10.

THE TWIRLY SKIRT. *By Martha Goldberg. Illustrated by Helen Stone. Holiday House. 46 pp.* $2.50. Delight and size-eight anguish alternate in this poignant story about two girls, two dresses, and a happy birthday party. Written by a sensitive adult who knows the years when "best friends" are everything, this book is likely to become a well-read favorite for grade-school girls. Ages 6-9.

FAVORITE FAIRY TALES TOLD IN ENGLAND. *Retold by Virginia Haviland. Illustrated by Bettina. Little, Brown. 88 pp.* $2.75. Six stories, including a wonderfully

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brash "Molly Whuppie," told with the right folk rhythm—"'Where ye going, Johnny-cake?' said they"—and illustrated in a softly exciting fairy-kingdom style. Ages 6-9.

THE SNOWFLAKE AND THE STARFISH. *By Robert Nathan. Illustrated by Leonard Weisgard. Knopf.* 66 *pp.* $2.95. In this artfully illustrated story a sea witch comes onto a real beach and lures two young, real American children into taking a long undersea trip with her. When the children are returned to their home, they bear with them certain tangible traces of their trip. If some children find the story unsatisfying, it may be due to the large trespass of fantasy upon the territory of reality. Children have much to teach us about the delicate boundaries that the writer must keep clear for them in a story. Ages 6-10.

ELLEN'S LION. *Written and illustrated by Crockett Johnson. Harper.* 62 *pp.* $1.75. Ellen supplies both script and delivery for twelve dialogues between herself and her stuffed lion. The book is billed as a classic, and so it will seem to most parents, who can appreciate the economy and wit in Mr. Johnson's treatment of topics like the validity of make-believe, the satisfactions of art, and the lastingness of love. But is the book for children? Here is a partial synopsis of the nursery-school play: "Right after that the queen of the carrots marries Michael Kramer while we all sing 'God Bless America' . . ." Such material is sure-fire for the grownup, who is at the same time involved in and at a remove from the nursery years. But the reviewer of a book for children "six and up" must ask whether they are, first of all, interested in the puzzlements of their juniors and, second, sophisticated enough to enjoy a rather arch satire of the nursery world from which they've but recently graduated. Ages 6-10.

WATER ALL AROUND. *By Tillie S. Pine and Joseph Levine. Illustrated by Bernice Myers. Whittlesey House.* 48 *pp.* $2.50. Another young science book by the authors of "Sound All Around." Facts are simply stated and experiments to deepen the child's understanding are described. How water changes to vapor, how it flows uphill, what its uses are—these and other basic concepts are clearly explained. Ages 7-10.

AIR AROUND US. *By Margaret Friskey. Illustrated by Katherine Evans. Grosset & Dunlap.* 47 *pp.* $1. This book, labeled "my easy-to-read, true book," may be both of those in a technical sense, but the concepts certainly require demonstration and interpretation to be clear to any reader in the early elementary years. Ages 7-10.

AND AMEDO ASKED, HOW DOES ONE BECOME A MAN? *By George Mendoza. Illustrated by Ati Forberg. Braziller.* 42 *pp.* $2.50. Here is a picture book whose impact can be compared with that of a poem. When the language of legend falters, a weak plot shows through, and among the startlingly lovely drawings are two in which distortion hinders clarity. Yet even with its imperfections, this book is worth a dozen slick or vapid books by authors who know nothing of E. E. Cummings's axiom: "Always the beautiful answer who asks a more beautiful question." Ages 7-11.

LET'S GO TO A HARBOR. *By Dian Hammond. Illustrated by Robert Doremus. Putnam.* 48 *pp.* $1.95. The thirty-first book of a series that takes a young reader to the busy places where the work of the world is going on. Like the others, this is a straightforward and undramatized report of a fascinating place. Ages 7-11.

GOING FOR A WALK WITH A LINE. *By Douglas and Elizabeth MacAgy. Doubleday. Unpaged.* $3. Reproductions of contemporary art are set against an interpretive and quite beautiful text. Although the word sequences sometimes dominate the pictures they are meant to illumine and some of the choices are questionable, the book as a whole has balance and purpose. An original effort to bring immediacy to the modern literature of art appreciation. Ages 8 and up.

DANNY DUNN AND THE WEATHER MACHINE. *By Jay Williams and Raymond Abrashkin. Illustrated by Ezra Jack Keats. Whittlesey House.* 144 *pp.* $2.95. The escapades of Danny Dunn and his two friends as they experiment with a wonderful rain-making machine make a hilarious fast-moving, well-told story. Based on scientifically correct information. Ages 8-12.

PIPPI IN THE SOUTH SEAS. *By Astrid Lindgren. Illustrated by Louis Glanzman. Viking.* 128 *pp.* $2. When Pippi Longstocking first appeared she was a rollicking symbol of nonconformity. In this third book, alas, she has lost much of the charm and humor that were the essence of her personality and has become merely noisy and rude and unfunny. Ages 7-10.

TENT UNDER THE SPIDER TREE. *By Gene Inyart. Illustrated by Carol Beech. Franklin Watts.* 143 *pp.* $2.95. This book, which won the second annual Franklin Watts Fiction Award, describes the adventures of three small girls who spend a week tenting on a farm. With the exception of one episode involving a rifle, their experiences are very real, and well told. Ages 7-10.

ZOO CELEBRITIES. *By William Bridges. Photographs by Sam Dunton. Morrow.* 127 *pp.* $2.95. This latest collection of zoo stories by the author of "Zoo Babies" and "Zoo Doctor" introduces twelve animal exhibitionists. How each puts on a theatrical performance for zoo visitors is all true and all good fun. Ages 8-12.

THE TALE OF A MEADOW. *Written and illustrated by Henry B. Kane. Knopf.* 110 *pp.* $3. The passage of time—from day to night, season to season, year to year—is the broad setting for this careful and beautiful study of a single meadow in all its variety. The photographs and line drawings are stunningly clear, and the book's format draws them into a unit with the text. Ages 8-12.

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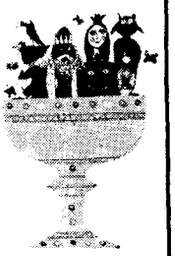

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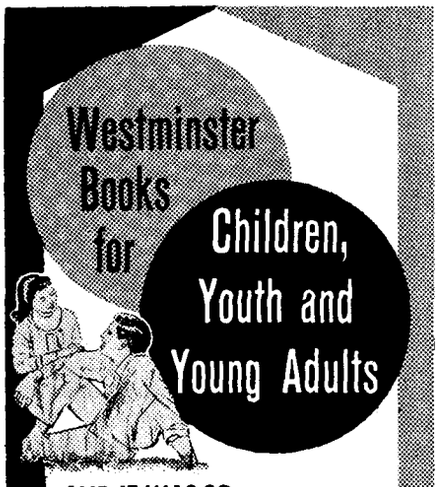

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MOLLY'S MIRACLE. *Written and illustrated by Linell Smith. Little, Brown.* 99 *pp.* $3. The idea of placing a foundling eohippus in a contemporary barn has charm; the farm animals who indulge in a kind of suburban gossip are witty in an adult way; the contrast between totalitarian and democratic states may have merit. The attempt to combine all these elements in a fable for children is ill-advised. Ages 9-12.

ANIMAL HABITS. *Written and illustrated by George F. Mason. Morrow.* 93 *pp.* $2.50. Fascinating, though somewhat random, information about the instinctive behavior of many creatures fills this fine antidote to common anthropomorphic myths of "lazy" or "industrious" or "grief-stricken" animals. Informative pictures and an index enhance this book. Ages 10-14.

STRANGE PARTNERS. *By Sigmund A. Lavine. Illustrated by Gloria Stevens. Little, Brown.* 106 *pp.* $2.75. Books on biology have too often stressed the survival of the

—From "Molly's Miracle."

fittest rather than the advantages of cooperation at all levels of life. This book does not make that mistake, though once in a while the author makes a regrettable slip into anthropomorphism, as when he says that "flowers gladly ally with flying insects." However, these instances are not frequent enough to spoil a good science book. Ages 10 up.

THEY RODE THE FRONTIER. *By Wyatt Blassingame. Franklin Watts.* 182 *pp.* $2.95. A new aspect of the frontier: the hardy, brave men of every faith and race who strove valiantly to preserve order and peace and to bring their religion to the Indians and the new settlers of the frontier towns. Henry Muhlenberg, Père Marquette, Junipero Serra, Isaac Mayer, John Stewart, and others are included in this unusual book. Age 10 up.

THE SHAGGY DOG. *Adapted by Charles Spain Verral from the screenplay "The Shaggy Dog." Pictures by Rus Anderson. Golden.* 60 *pp.* $1. This story of fantastic metamorphosis from boy to dog reads as if it had been written in a brainstorming session. The breathless pace and innumerable crises eliminate whatever humor might have been in the motion picture. It is regrettable that Walt Disney allows his name and talents to be used for such inferior stuff as this. Ages 11 up.

SCIENCE AND THE DOCTOR. *By F. R. Elwell and Dr. J. M. Richardson. Criterion.* 160 *pp.* $3.50. Shunning the device of a medical-student hero and avoiding the pitfalls of pedantry, these English authors give direct, informative, and readable treatment of numerous aspects of present-day medical practice. Throughout the book emphasis is given to the relationship between modern procedures and the vast history of science. A tastefully professional attitude prevails. The book is illustrated with diagrams and photographs. Ages 12-16.

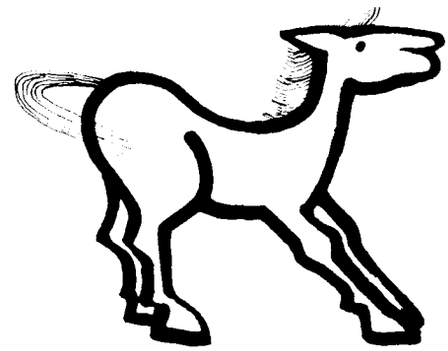
SECRETS OF THE DUST. *By Raymond Holden. Illustrated by Rafaello Busoni. Dodd, Mead.* 174 *pp.* $2.75. The facts about important archeological finds and and their discoverers are fascinating, but the involved style of writing employed here robs the material of its excitement. Ages 12 and up.

THE AMAZING BOOK OF BIRDS. *Written and illustrated by Hilda Simon. Hart.* 128 *pp.* $3.75. This well-illustrated, interesting book about birds and their habits will appeal to older children despite a rather abrupt presentation. Good for reference. Ages 12 up.

THERE'S ADVENTURE IN GEOLOGY. *By Julian May. Illustrated by Robert Borja. Popular Mechanics Press.* 160 *pp.* $2.95. The facts in this book are fascinating, but the narrative is unconvincing, with high-school-age boys talking like graduate students. Boys who are interested in career possibilities may, however, get some interesting glimpses of the field. Ages 14 up.

REALM OF NUMBERS. *By Isaac Asimov. Diagrams by Robert Belmore. Houghton Mifflin.* 200 *pp.* $2.75. This lucidly written approach to mathematics will fascinate anyone, including adults, interested in the subject, and may enlighten confused or reluctant students. Explanations of complex symbols are brilliantly done. Ages 14 up.

PEOPLE AND PLACES. *By Margaret Mead. Illustrated by W. T. Mars and Jan Fairservis, and with photographs. World.* 316 *pp.* $4.95. This dramatic and authoritative discussion of the nature and study of man poses some challenging questions and suggests new ways of finding answers. The book includes studies of specific peoples—the Eskimo, the Balinese, the Ashanti, and others—in which the methods of anthropology are carefully described. In relating anthropology to problems of man's survival, Dr. Mead dramatizes the importance of this crucial science. Ages 14 up.



—From "Which Horse Is William?"

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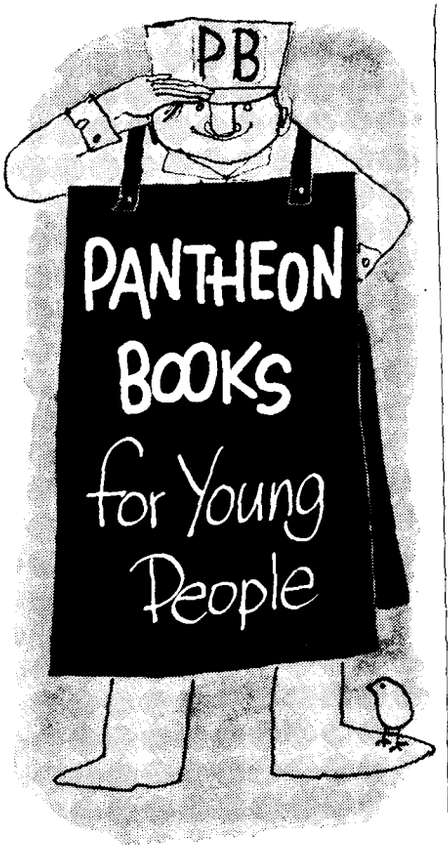

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By SONIA and TIM GIDAL. This new volume in the popular My Village Books is about an Israeli boy, Shmuel, who lives in a village founded 30 years ago by his parents and their friends. School, community life, and national feasts are described in fascinating detail, and illustrated with 80 brilliant photographs. Ages 9-13. Cloth bound. $3.50

The Emperor and the Nightingale

By HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN. There's a special message for today's children in this beautiful tale by the prince of storytellers. Illustrated with enchanting drawings in color and black and white by award-winner Bill Sokol. Ages 4-8. 32 pages. Cloth. $2.95

The Snow Party

By BEATRICE SCHENK DE REGNIERS. "A delightful story based on fact. As indigenous to America as the Virginia reel." — VIRGINIA KIRKUS. Illustrated by prize-winning artist Reiner Zimnik. Ages 5-8. $2.75

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THE FABULOUS VOYAGE OF THE PEGASUS. *By Hugh Popham. Illustrated by Graham Oakley. Criterion.* 150 *pp.* $3.25. The *Pegasus,* all shining brass and new white sails, goes off to sea with a crew culled from every sea story that ever went before: Captain Binnacle, a man of few words; Mr. Ladle, the Cook; Ashtray, the obsequious steward, and and six tarry sailors. The sea is as sea-like as ever, the adventures as adventurous, the monsters met as monstrous as in any nautical story. But this tale is distinguished by the extra zest of affectionate satire. Save "Pegasus" for the child who knows enough sea stories to deserve it! Ages 9-13.

SPECIAL YEAR. *By Evelyn Sibley Lampman. Illustrated by Genia. Doubleday.* 213 *pp.* $2.95. Pre-teen girls who are just beginning to worry about clothes and popularity will find their problems wonderfully reflected in this story of an eighth-grade school year. Mrs. Lampman writes with warmth and first-hand knowledge of young people and their families. Ages 9-13.

BOY JOE GOES TO SEA. *By Edith L. Boyd. Illustrated by Leonard Everett Fisher. Rand McNally.* 222 *pp.* $2.95. Despite some contrived subplots and characters, this story of a cabin boy 100 years ago meets the requirements of a first-class sea story: it communicates vividly both the powerful surge of the sea and the driving vitality of the men who cope with it. Ages 10-14.

YOU COME TOO: Favorite Poems for Young Readers. *By Robert Frost. Wood engravings by Thomas W. Nason. Holt.* 94 *pp.* $3. It is safe to predict that this beautiful book will be welcomed by readers of all ages. Here are many of the familiar poems, such as "The Pasture," "A Hillside Thaw," and "Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening." Others are less familiar and offer the pleasant startle of first encounter with lines spoken in the unmistakable Frost idiom. Ages 10 up.

THE GOLDEN TREASURY OF POETRY. *Selected and with a commentary by Louis Untermeyer. Illustrated by Joan Walsh Anglund. Golden Press.* 324 *pp.* $4.95. This large and profusely illustrated volume contains more than 400 poems, many of them preceded by brief commentaries. The scope of the collection is comprehensive, the aim to introduce children to a wide range of both great and minor poetry, old and new. Possibly undue emphasis is given to those minor poets who were popular with American schoolchildren and their parents at the turn of the century. Longfellow appears seven times, at the expense of such modern poets as Eleanor Farjeon and Robert Frost, who are allotted only two poems apiece. Ages 10 up.

PETS AT THE WHITE HOUSE. *By Carl Carmer. Illustrated by Sam Savitt. Dutton.* 96 *pp.* $2.95. This very competently writ-

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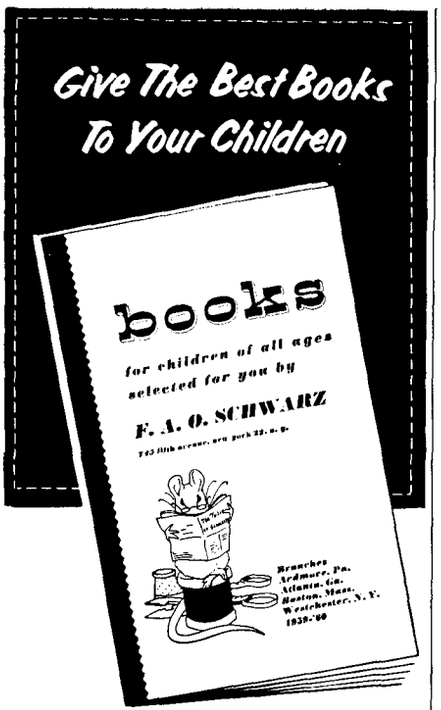

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WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. *By Ivor Brown. Illustrated by Robert Hodgson. Nelson.* 84 *pp.* $2.95. A sound and interesting picture of Shakespeare's London and times, with an account of his life based upon the few known facts and some likely probabilities. The author is careful to distinguish between fact and hypothesis. The illustrations add to the sense of realism. Ages 11-15.

THE WHISTLE PUNK OF CAMP 15. *Written and illustrated by Glen Rounds. Holiday House.* 117 *pp.* $2.75. This story of a lumber camp, originally published in 1937, is well worth reissuing. There is a vigorous, authentic quality to both text and illustrations, and for good reason: the author-artist has been a logger himself. The reader learns along with the "greenhorn" the way a lumber camp is run, and some of the colorful vocabulary and tall tales characteristic of the place. Ages 11-15.

THE BATTLE FOR THE ATLANTIC. *By Jay Williams. Maps by Richard Edes Harrison. Random House Landmark Books.* 178 *pp.* $1.95. Another excellent history, written crisply and clearly, and made vivid by good photographs and maps. Any reader of this factual and exciting book will have new understanding of the great battle for the sea routes, and the narrowness of the margin of victory. Ages 11 up.

STONEWALL JACKSON. *By Jonathan Daniels. Illustrated by William Moyers. Random House Landmark Books.* 184 *pp.* $1.95. In terse, journalistic prose this biography chronicles the events of the Civil War which made the rugged, aggressive General Jackson famous. Its appeal will be mainly to older boys who are interested in military tactics and military history. Ages 12 up.

THOREAU OF WALDEN POND. *By Sterling North. Illustrated by Harve Stein. Houghton Mifflin North Star Books.* 183 *pp.* $1.95. This fine biography conveys the spirit of Thoreau's life and thought. Attractive print, wide margins, and wash drawings in shades of green and gray help make the book a pleasure not only to read but to hold. A few excerpts from "Walden" itself give the reader an idea of Thoreau the naturalist. One might wish to find here more of Thoreau the philosopher. However, the book is by and large so satisfying that anything but gratitude seems uncalled for. Ages 12 up.

DOCTOR PARACELSUS. *By Sidney Rosen. Illustrated by Rafaello Busoni. Little, Brown.* 209 *pp.* $3.50. In this stirring biography, the reader follows the wanderings of the strange sixteenth-century doctor and alchemist who made his way through Europe, Egypt, and Russia to discover for himself the secrets of medicine. The book is exciting not only for its story of a man who was far in advance of his time, but for its lively picture of the sixteenth-century world. Luther, Erasmus, and other great men are met in these pages. Ages 12 up.

TUMBLEWEED HEART. *By Janet Randall. Longmans, Green.* 183 *pp.* $2.95. A fast-paced if somewhat improbable account of the adventures of Jackie Corda and her part-time job on a small-town California newspaper, plus a touch of romance. Strictly for girls. Ages 12-16.

SOME MERRY-GO-ROUND MUSIC. *By Mary Stolz. Harper.* 178 *pp.* $1.65. The publication of this paperbound edition of a new Mary Stolz story is a piece of good fortune for teen-agers. As her fans already know, Mary Stolz writes with wisdom, robustness, and a knowledge of young people. In this book the everyday dilemmas of nineteen-year-old Miranda Parrish, an office girl in New York City, are completely absorbing, because they are the dilemmas of every young girl who is attempting to face herself and take on new strength and stature. Ages 14 up.

A CAP FOR KATHY. *By Josephine James. Illustrated by John Firnic. Golden Press.* 180 *pp.* $1. The end of a senior year, and the beginning of nursing school are presented realistically in this book, but they are apparently considered insufficient to capture the attention of young teen-age readers, for three fires, and the capture and reclamation of a young arsonist are gratuitously included. Ages 14 up.

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By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS

A. Victorian lady's cosmetic for chapped hands (2 wds.).

B. Short orchestral passage featuring the brass; flourish.

C. How the original chorus in "The Black Crook" were garbed, to general horror (2 wds.).

D. Browne said in "Religio Medici" that their music gave no sound to the ear yet struck a note most full of harmony.

E. Anemia.

F. Parapet of ancient fortified building with open spaces to shoot from.

G. Storyteller portrayed recently by Danny Kaye.

H. More irritable or addicted to whims.

I. Important island of the Marshalls taken by U.S. troops in 1944.

J. A certain sparkling "water" enjoyed by our grandmothers.

K. Questioning the validity of (something in particular; 3 wds.).

L. Enmeshed.

WORDS

180 166 113 121 161 194 98 92 24 125 85 66

152 7 111 14 119 17 80

129 164 183 47 158 29 128 69

46 71 87 103 145 101 176

108 20 118 156 91 126 38 33 184

187 53 107 120 48 94 15 154 175 56 64

19 89 170 105 10 141 139 96

162 18 82 179 134 109 137 26

185 40 169 165 62 49 114 147 34

83 173 153 2 181 106

58 37 55 143 178 84 115 144 102 13 16 68

124 27 78 110 3 43

DEFINITIONS

M. Followed by Word O, how Voltaire described "the best".

N. Sounds like a whip through the air or silk skirts in motion.

O. See Word M (3 wds.).

P. Native African woman of the black race.

Q. Sheet-iron stove whose draft may be almost entirely shut off (esp. U.S.).

R. It is wanting (2 Lat. wds.).

S. French barber who became a privy councilor of Louis XI, but was hanged after the king died; fine contemporary actor.

T. Musical instruments which sound as if they could never be true.

U. Swell.

V. Genus of fungi most of which are edible.

W. Regarding.

X. Originator.

Y. Godhood in its paternal aspect.

WORDS

168 100 151 8 189

28 45 140 182 131 117 59

112 127 130 136 61 174 177 70 150

155 195 81 123 77 4 148

25 191 138 149 41 52 159 1

42 99 104 11 172 135

36 23 88 192 132 122 54

188 39 167 75 90

190 22 12 160 30 142 97

60 76 6 44 93 171 50 32 73 133

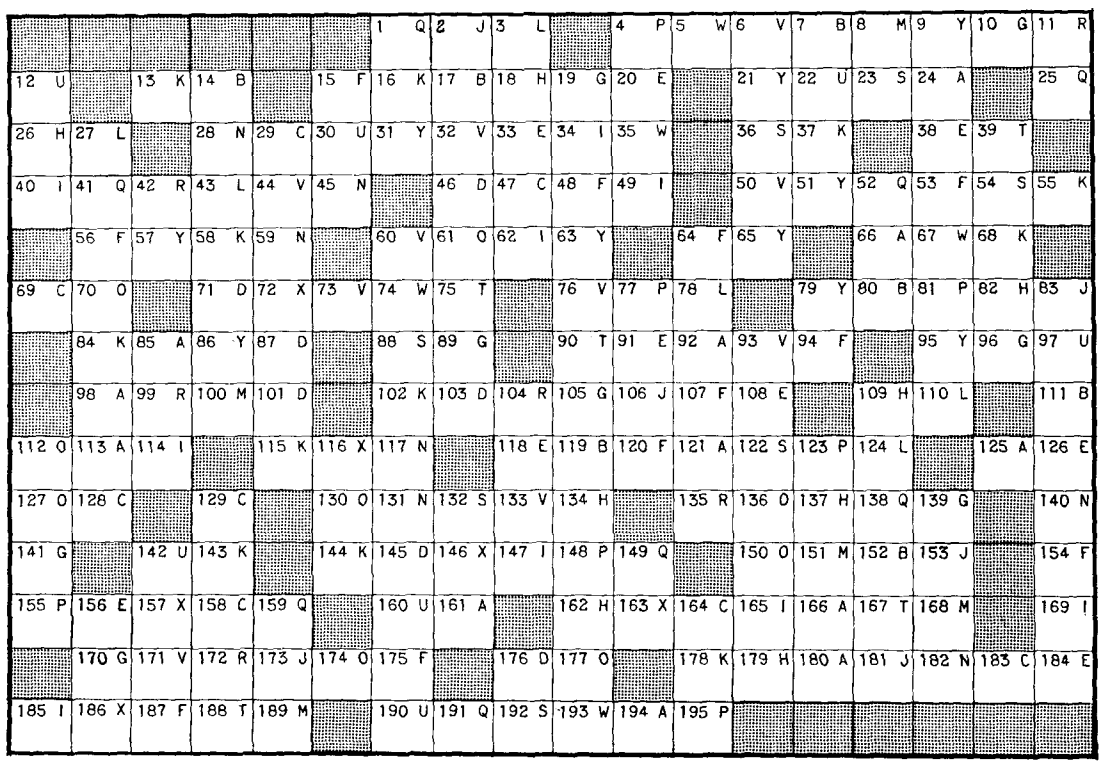
67 5 193 74 35

186 157 146 116 163 72

63 95 86 57 51 79 21 9 65 31

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 13 of this issue.

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